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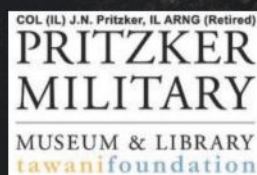
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A Japanese destroyer succumbs to a torpedo in May 1943, as viewed through an American submarine's periscope.

Cover: A 1943 propaganda photo celebrates Germany's Tiger heavy tank.

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Contributors



CURRY



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CURATOLA



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John Curatola (“The Curious Case of the Turncoat Navigator”) is a retired Marine officer who teaches at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College and studies the air force and airpower. Complementing his variegated service identity, Curatola spent a large part of his service in the Far East and has extensive experience in Japan, Korea, and Thailand. He is working on a book about post-World War II strategic bombing applications.

Andrew Curry (“Time Travel”) is a Berlin-based journalist covering history, science, and culture. A former Fulbright journalism fellow, his work has appeared in *National Geographic*, *Wired*, and *Slate*. He is an *Archaeology* magazine contributing editor. Visit andrewcurry.com for links to more of his work.

Randall Hansen (“Invisible Coup”) is director of the Centre for European, Russian and Eurasian Studies at Toronto’s Munk School of Global Affairs and a full professor and Canada Research Chair in the University of Toronto’s political science department. He is the author of *Disobeying Hitler: German Resistance After Valkyrie* and *Sterilized by the State: Eugenics, Race, and the Population Scare in Twentieth-*

Century North America. He appears regularly on national radio and television.

Jonathan Parshall (“Profiles in Cold Steel”) is coauthor of *Shattered Sword: The Untold Story of the Battle of Midway* with Anthony Tully. He has been widely published in the *Naval War College Review*, *Naval History*, the *Northern Mariner*, and others. Parshall is an adjunct lecturer for the U.S. Naval War College and has appeared on the Discovery Channel and the History Channel. He is grateful for the assistance on armored vehicles and economics given by Hilary Louis Doyle, Mark Harrison, Eugene Kovalev, Kurt Loughlin, Patrick Stansell, Steven Zaloga, and Randy Talbot.

Steven Trent Smith (“The High Price of Valor”), a five-time Emmy-award winning photojournalist, has authored two books on submarine warfare in the Pacific: *The Rescue* and *Wolf Pack*, available for Kindle and Nook. He writes often for this magazine, along with *Military History Quarterly* and *Civil War Times*. He lives in Northwest Montana, 826 miles from the nearest World War II fleet submarine. Still, the boats are never far from his thoughts. Here he holds an emergency light from the USS *Gurnard*.



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ADVERTISING

Karen M. Bailey
 Production Manager/Advertising Services
 Karen.Bailey@weiderhistorygroup.com
Richard E. Vincent National Sales Manager
 Richard.Vincent@weiderhistorygroup.com
Kim Goddard National Sales Manager
 Kim.Goddard@weiderhistorygroup.com
Rick Gower Georgia
 rick@rickgower.com
Terry Jenkins Tenn., Ky., Miss., Ala., Fla., Mass.
 Terry.Jenkins@weiderhistorygroup.com
Kurt Gardner Creative Services Director

DIRECT RESPONSE ADVERTISING
Russell Johns Associates, LLC
 800-649-9800 • WW2@russelljohns.com

Stephen L. Petranek Editor-at-Large

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Advertisement

Winston S. Churchill and D-Day

by Lewis E. Lehrman

President Abraham Lincoln, a student of Shakespeare's tragedies and histories, surely could have understood, in the overtures of Henry V, what transpired 80 years later in the invasion of Normandy. King Harry's Crispin-Crispian Day speech before the Battle of Agincourt evoked the momentous drama unfolding on the Normandy beaches, D-Day 1944.

John Colville, an aide to British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, well understood the Shakespearean undertones of the assault on France. Colville was an RAF pilot who pressed Churchill for leave to take part in D-Day operations. Churchill lived vicariously at times through Colville, who aspired to rejoin his RAF unit at



■ Prime Minister Winston Churchill reviews American troops before D-Day.

the very inception of Operation Overlord – the cross-channel Allied attack on the Nazis. "It was unthinkable not to take part in what was certain to be the largest military operation ever planned," wrote Colville. "Happily the Prime Minister, part of whose charm...



TO READ THE WHOLE ARTICLE, VISIT:

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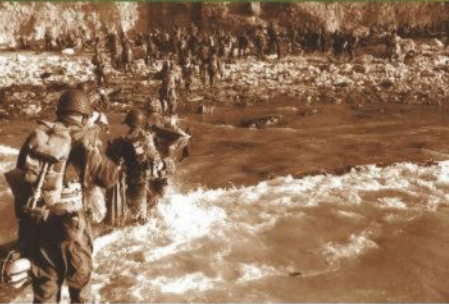
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On D+1, several images of Walter Sidlowski were captured by photographer Walter Rosenblum.



a destroyer escort, was manned almost entirely by black sailors.

MIKE GEIGER

HAYTI, S.DAK.

Editor's note: There were no black crewmen on PT boats, and our answer failed to make that clear. You are right that in general, when a vessel with a racially mixed crew came under attack, any sailor, including cooks and mess orderlies, could and did man guns.

Cover Star Uncovered

With interest I studied the cover of the May/June issue of *World War II* and I found I had another picture [above] of the same man. Notice the folded jacket pocket and the same undershirt collar. Since he was there in June 1944, I hope he was still alive when Germany surrendered in 1945.

JOSEPH DOYON

ALSO THERE ON D-DAY

TIGARD, ORE.

That “anguished GI” on the May/June 2014 cover has a name: Walter Sidlowski of Brooklyn. I don’t know if Walter is still with us, but several years ago we contacted him seeking information about anyone pictured around him that he might know because my uncle, John J. Knott Jr., is standing behind Walter. Walter did not know anyone there, he said, because GIs were coming from everywhere to help. The photo was taken on D+1. My uncle was killed on June 17, but Walter survived. He told us that he was checking the boot size on the body he was straddling. I hope that we can pay these nameless soldiers the respect of giving them names.

JUDY KOHLER

VANCOUVER, WASH.



Man the Guns

First off let me say that I enjoy your magazine and look forward to getting it. Your answer about the navy not employing black gunners was way off the mark (“Challenge,” May/June 2014). Many ships of all sizes let cooks and mess men man the guns. The USS *Mason*,

First Off Omaha?

I am surprised that John McManus states as fact that E Company, 16th Infantry Division was the first unit to fight their way off Omaha Beach on D-Day in his otherwise excellent article (“A Knife in the Vitals,” May/June 2014). There is no way to know who got off the beach first, a natural result of the enormous scope and utter confusion of the invasion. My father, Gale Beccue, E Company, 5th Ranger Battalion, landed on Dog White that morning. With the urging of General Norman Cota and other leaders, small groups of Rangers, including my father, soon fought their way off the beach—as did other men along the entire length of Omaha.

I had the privilege of visiting Omaha Beach with my father in 1973 while I was a young lieutenant stationed in Germany with the 3rd Infantry Division. As we walked along that famous battlefield I asked Dad if the 5th Rangers were the first to the top of the ridge. He smiled and said that just about everyone who survived the early hours of D-Day claimed to have been first, but there was really no way to tell since every man was focused

on the obstacles and German emplacements on his immediate front.

It is more historically accurate to say that along the more than 5,000 yards of Bloody Omaha, several bands of very brave men, acting independently, fought their way to the high ground, each being the first to get off the beach in their own small sector of hell.

BOYD BECCUE
WILLMAR, MINN.

John C. McManus responds:
You make a valid point that it is hard to determine with absolute precision who was first off Omaha Beach, and I certainly honor the vital contributions of your father and the other Rangers. I have come to believe, though, after many years of study, that the John Spalding and Phil Streczyk group was first off the beach. If someone can provide me with concrete evidence to the contrary, I would be happy to revise my view.

A Patch's Past

Among the items to be identified in your May/June 2014 "Challenge" is a Thunderbird shoulder patch. A tougher challenge might have been to have shown a swastika shoulder patch and asked what American infantry division wore it.



An original 45th Infantry Division patch.



Gale Beccue in September 1944 near Brest, France. Beccue landed on Omaha Beach on D-Day.

The answer is the same for both patches—they were worn by the 45th Infantry Division.

The 45th was organized in 1920 with units from Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, with the swastika, an Indian symbol, as its emblem. The swastika was discontinued in the mid 1930s, and the Thunderbird, another Indian symbol, was adopted in 1939.

I served in the 45th during the Korean War. During a company reunion in the 1990s, Horace Ware, who had been one of my officers, told me that in 1937, as a corporal in the division, he and another fellow were given hammers and chisels and the job of chipping up the 12-foot square tile mosaic of the swastika from the floor at division headquarters.

RIDGWAY M. DUNTON
ONANCOCK, VA.

The Amazing Hal

The interview of Hal Baumgarten by Gene Santoro in the May/June 2014 issue took my breath away. What an amazing story of human perseverance and a will to survive. His recollection and attention

to detail is incredible and his story is one that everyone should be familiar with. Thank you sir for your service and to all those who served in World War II. Your legacy will live on and your service will never be forgotten.

MICHAEL G. MARKOV
RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

Not a Swimmer

The Nakajima A6M2-N "Rufe," featured in the "Up on the Rufe" sidebar of John M. Curatola's "Fog of War" story (May/June 2014), was not amphibious. It had no retractable wheeled undercarriage as the Supermarine "Walrus," the Grumman J2F "Duck," the Grumman JRF/OA-9 "Goose," the Grumman J4F "Widgeon," and the Consolidated PBV-5A "Catalina" flying boats.

TIM BIRKETT
BARTONVILLE, ILL.



A Nakajima A6M2 "Rufe" with float gear.

Correction

In the article "Fog of War" (May/June 2014) we stated that the Japanese planned airstrikes at American bases on Atka and Adak. These bases were not actually formed at the time of the planned attacks; the original Japanese plan suspected that an American garrison existed at Adak, but, due to weather delays, an attack on Dutch Harbor was undertaken instead.

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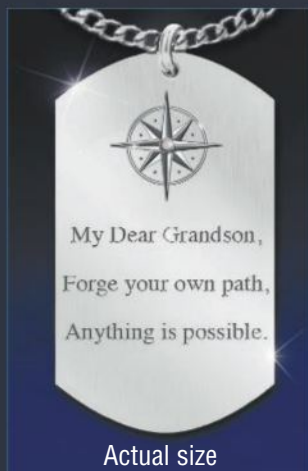
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Putin Plays the Great Patriotic War Card



Putin and veterans honor Victory Day at Sevastopol.

Vladimir Putin had not even been born in 1945 when the Red Army stormed into Berlin, but his rhetoric suggests otherwise. During his 2014 campaign to annex Crimea and harass Ukraine, the Russian president has repeatedly invoked the Soviet Union's triumph over Hitler's Germany. Putin, 61, dismisses pro-Europe, anti-Russia politicians in the Ukrainian capital Kiev as modern-day fascists. The claim plays on history: In 1941, many Ukrainians did welcome invading Germans as liberators. Russian government media have dubbed the current Crimean takeover "the third defense of Sevastopol"—a Crimean city Russians defended against a British siege during the Crimean War and a German siege in 1941–1942—driving home the point by working World War II footage into news coverage.

Putin's critics at home joke bitterly that his main accomplishments are Yuri Gagarin's 1961 trip into space and the Soviet victory over Nazi

(continued on page 12)

DISPATCHES

★ President Barack Obama authorized the issuance of a Congressional Gold Medal honoring all 80 members of the legendary Doolittle Raiders just before Memorial Day. The aviators' heroic

Reported and written by
Paul Wiseman

April 18, 1942, attack on Tokyo helped to restore American morale battered by Pearl Harbor. Participants volunteered for the mission, which involved flying from an aircraft carrier in stripped-down B-25 bombers. Only four Raiders survive: Richard Cole, David Thatcher, Robert Hite, and Edward Saylor.



President Barack Obama authorizes a gold medal for Cole (center) and comrades.

Translator Brings U-Boat War Diaries to Life

As a Cold War U.S. Navy pilot, Jerry Mason chased Russian submarines, which fascinated him. Now retired to Victoria, British Columbia, Mason is translating the logbooks of German U-boats and posting the results at uboatarchive.net.

U-boat radio operators strained to hear encoded Morse transmissions from headquarters, transcribing dits and dahs, then feeding their work into Enigma machines that rendered the content into German for entry into the boat's *Kriegstagebuch* ("war diary.") Entries can be terse to the point of obscurity, or show a skipper's facility with language.

At first Mason relied on friends who knew German to handle the translations, but submarine jargon defied their skills. So he works on his own, counting on the fact that most skippers were "trying to say as little as possible," frequently recycling technical terms to fill out the pages. He has translated 200 logs, including the day book from *U-96*, made famous by the 1981 hit film *Das Boot*.

Transmissions sometimes show a human touch. Admiral Karl Dönitz, the subsurface fleet's commander, personally informed skippers of family events on open circuits—only boats' transmissions were secure—so good

news like a baby's birth reached all of the tight-knit U-boat fraternity. On occasion skippers broke into verse.

Through their writings Mason has come to admire many U-boat commanders. "I get to know them a little," he says. "They were professional military men. I never thought they were bad people. All in all, the U-boat war was fought in an almost chivalrous way.... Compared to U.S. submariners, they were actually better behaved. That was the nature of the war in the Pacific. U.S. guys in the Pacific would machine-gun [Japanese] guys. In only one incident did the Germans machine-gun guys in the water."

| | WAR DIARY ENTRY | CONTEXT |
|--|--|---|
| | "Boat is not fully submerged when two bombs detonate. Pressure wave tears the conning tower hatch from my hand, however it is closed immediately. In the boat everything fails." | Lieutenant Commander Heinrich Lehmann-Willenbrock is sneaking through the Strait of Gibraltar when an Allied pilot bombs <i>U-96</i> in an incident reenacted in Das Boot . —November 30, 1941 |
| | "1) For Giessler healthy Sunday boy arrived. 2) <i>U-86</i> for Machinist's Mate Peters healthy boy arrived. 3) <i>U-411</i> for Radio Operator Doch son Peter born. 4) <i>U-564</i> for Machinist's Mate Hummel our Heinz arrived. 5) All healthy and doing well." | Dönitz broadcasts news from home. —September 15, 1942 |
| | "Hurrah!! Elation in the boat. Must get away while it is still dark. On land we were apparently not noticed. That was the utmost and final time for us to get away, otherwise we could march along at tomorrow's Flag Day parade in New York!" | <i>U-202</i> is landing saboteurs on Long Island when the sub runs aground on a sandbar. With the tide ebbing, the boat breaks free and escapes to deeper water. —June 13, 1942 |
| | "2) Utilize all means to listen.... Report every clue immediately. Convoy must be found again. 3) In this convoy every chance is to be taken. Do not lag behind in current weather conditions, so that all boats are in a favorable position when the weather improves." | <i>U-264</i> 's third patrol log quotes a series of Dönitz exhortations. His men revere him but chafe at pep talks given under very difficult circumstances. —May 3, 1943 |

(continued from page 10)

Germany, as Russian TV editor Tikhon Dzyadko noted in the *New Republic*. But Putin's incantatory employment of the past nonetheless seems to be working—in Russia, anyway. Almost a quarter century after the Soviet regime's collapse, one of the few themes Russians can rely on to unite their country are memories of the Great Patriotic War. "In this environment the War (capital W) has become the central and basically the only symbol of Russia's greatness," Masha Lipman of the Carnegie Moscow Center's Society and Regions Program said by e-mail. "The farther it gets from actual events, and the fewer survivors of the war-time generation, the grander the celebrations, the more the memory is reduced to just the Victory, rather than the losses or the hardships."

Official Russian history airbrushes out darker aspects of the war: the German-Soviet Nonaggression Pact that divided Poland between Germany and the U.S.S.R.; the 1940 Soviet massacre of Poland's officer corps and intelligentsia in Katyn Forest; the way Hitler's June 1941 invasion initially routed a Red Army weakened by Stalin's purges. Some observers liken Putin's annexation of Crimea, ostensibly to protect ethnic Russians, to Hitler's use of ethnic Germans' claimed vulnerability as a pretext for seizing Czechoslovakia and invading Poland. In May, Britain's Prince Charles set off the chattering classes when he declared, "And now Putin is doing just about the same as Hitler."

DISPATCHES



Paratrooper Ralph Mayville finally earns his wings.

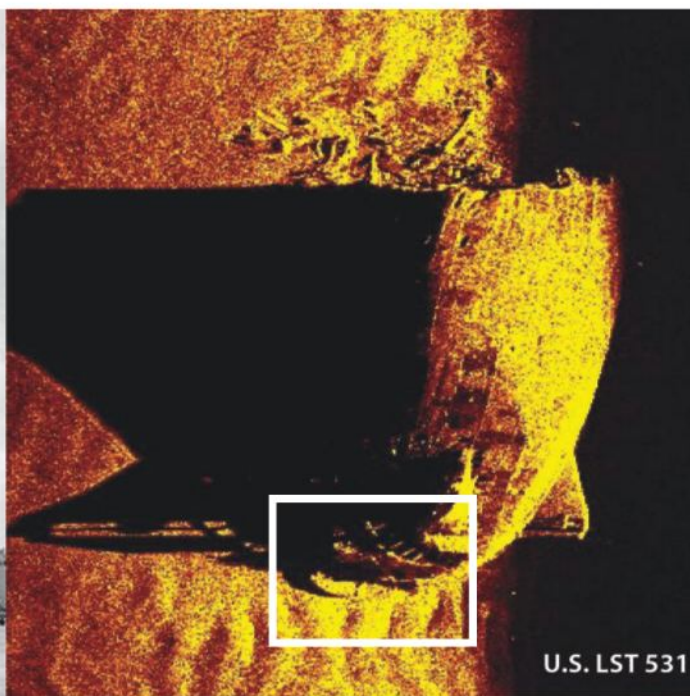
★ **The U.S. Congress will lose its last World War II veterans when this session ends. Representative Ralph Hall (R-TX) was defeated in a May primary by John Ratcliffe. Another vet, Representative John Dingell (D-MI), announced in February that he would retire at term's end. Hall, 91, flew Hellcats during the war; earlier, as a drugstore clerk, he served sodas, cigarettes, and newspapers to notorious criminals Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker.**



Texas's
Ralph Hall

★ **Paratrooper Ralph Mayville finally made a jump—at 92. Though the decorated veteran of the elite American-Canadian Black Devils unit never had to leap out of an airplane in combat, he received paratroop wings in 1945. But the Canadian did not feel he did had earned them until May, when he parachuted from 14,000 feet near Niagara Falls, New York. "I figured you have to make a parachute jump in order to wear them," Mayville said.**

Seeing the Maritime Ghosts of Slapton Sands



Robots obtained the first high-definition sonar images of two American vessels sunk off England as troops were practicing for the D-Day landings. The Landing Ships, Tank (LSTs) were at Slapton Sands for Exercise Tiger, an April 28, 1944, rehearsal, when German torpedo boats attacked. (See “Exercise in Tragedy,” May/June 2014.) The incident was hushed up to keep the invasion secret. The Pocasset, Massachusetts, company

LST 325 in happier times (left), and LST 531 at the bottom of the English Channel. White boxes mark the bumpers installed to keep other craft from fouling the transports’ propellers.

Hydroid, which operates the submersibles, will donate the images to Britain’s National Archives and to local memorials. There are no plans to raise the vessels’ remains.

ASK WWII

Q. Even after the second atomic bomb struck Nagasaki and the Soviets entered the war against Japan, there was no certainty Japan would quit. Was the United States making more bombs, and how long would that take? Would we invade? Did the Allies have a Plan B? —*Gregory Taylor, Mason, Mich.*

A. The atomic bombs were Plan B; Plan A was the long-projected invasion of

Japan. Once the United States had exhausted its atomic weapon stockpile by dropping its second bomb on Nagasaki, it would have taken too much time to produce additional such weapons. Diehards in the home islands expected that Stalin would stay out of the Far East. However, as they had promised to do at Potsdam, the Soviets did enter the war against Japan—on August 9, 1945, the day of the Nagasaki bombing. Now the Japanese faced not only an Anglo-



Operation Downfall, the plan to invade Japan, was nullified by two A-bombs and Soviet entry into the Pacific War.

American invasion, but also an assault by the Soviet Union. When the Red Army shredded the largest Imperial Army in Asia and began preparing to land in the Kuril Islands just northwest of Japan, all but the most insane Japanese knew it was over. There was no need for the Allies to invade.

—*Jon Guttman*

■ Send queries to: Ask World War II, 19300 Promenade Drive, Leesburg, VA 20176, or e-mail: worldwar2@weiderhistorygroup.com.

Japanese Searchers on Saipan Seek American MIAs

David Rogers was only a kid in 1944, but he remembers the telegram that devastated his family in Brooklyn, New York, with the news that his uncle, U.S. Army Private Bernard Gavrin, was missing in action on Saipan. He and hundreds of other GIs had fallen on July 7, 1944, when 3,000 Japanese, some armed only with makeshift spears, attacked in the largest banzai charge of the war. Afterward, the dead were buried en masse. Gavrin's remains never surfaced, his fate remained unknown, and all the relatives who knew him subsequently died—except for David Rogers, 81, now retired to Delray Beach, Florida, and hanging onto a memory of his Uncle Bernie comforting him after a childhood mishap.

The mystery of Bernie Gavrin's fate has been solved

by a surprising source: volunteers from Kuentai, a Japanese nonprofit. Originally dedicated to finding the remains of a million Japanese troops still missing seven decades after the war, the organization now has a U.S. branch to search for fallen Americans. "They are all heroes," says Yukari Akatsuka of the group's American affiliate. Guided by a *Life* magazine photo showing the aftermath of the suicide charge, the Saipan search team located the impromptu burial ground, where searchers encountered Bernard Gavrin's dog tag.

Akatsuka, a translator, first volunteered with Kuentai out of interest in the war, in which her grandfather had served. Her field experience moved her to give up an office job to work full-time scouring the South Pacific for missing remains, first of her



Bernard Gavrin, his Purple Heart, and the dog tag that helped reveal his fate to his family.



A vintage photo helped volunteers narrow their Saipan search.

countrymen and, when GIs' bones appeared, their foes. When Kuentai started its American entity, she became its secretary general.

She was in Virginia researching another Saipan casualty when Gavrin's dog tag, bearing his father's name and the family address, turned up near the other man's remains. Akatsuka added the search for Gavrin's survivors to her tasks and,

with a librarian's aid, found Rogers. Remains found near Gavrin's ID tag are being studied by the U.S. Department of Defense's Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC). If they are confirmed as Gavrin's, the family will seek a military burial at Arlington National Cemetery. The remains of William Carneal, found by the volunteers and positively identified as one of the GIs killed in the banzai attack, were interred at a national cemetery in Paducah, Kentucky, in April 2014.

THE READING LIST

Tom Brokaw

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich

A History of Nazi Germany

William Shirer (1960)

"The best one-volume history of Hitler's Germany, his political and military ambitions, and, ultimately, his end. Shirer's experience as a reporter in Germany during the 1930s adds extra authority to this monumental work."

Citizens of London

The Americans Who Stood with Britain in Its Darkest, Finest Hour

Lynne Olson (2010)

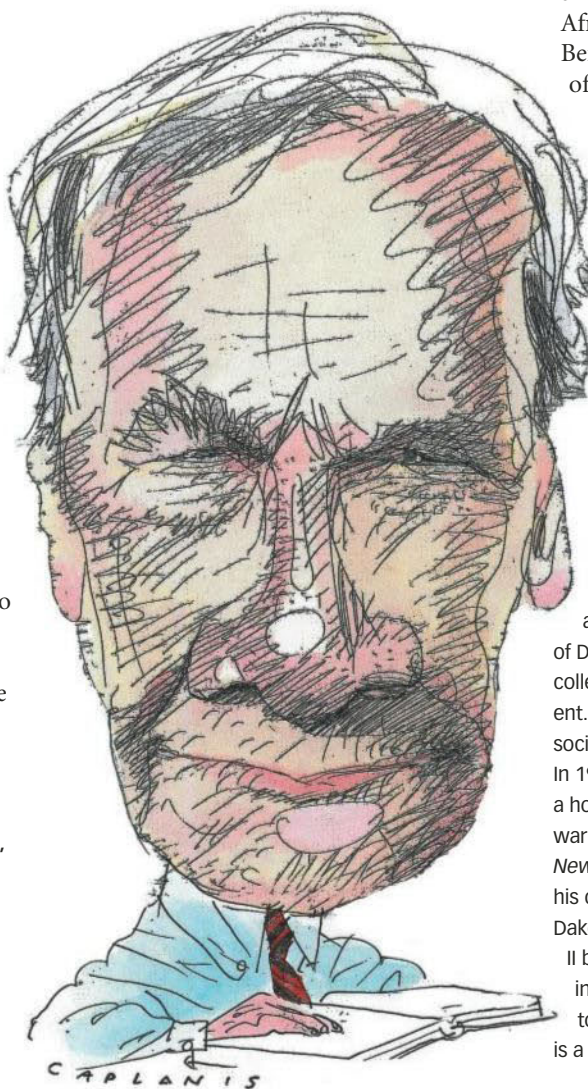
"Olson illuminates the important roles played by John Gilbert Winant, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Averell Harriman and Harry Hopkins as President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's emissaries to Winston Churchill. Without surrendering their loyalties or citizenship, all three became invaluable advisers to both Churchill and FDR."

The Liberation Trilogy

An Army at Dawn: The War in North Africa, 1942-1943; The Day of Battle: The War in Sicily and Italy, 1943-1944; and The Guns at Last Light: The War in Western Europe, 1944-1945

Rick Atkinson (2002, 2007, 2013)

"Atkinson's epic is the work of a journalist/historian with the pen



of a great novelist. The battles for North Africa and Italy and from Normandy to Berlin are enduring lessons in the chaos of war on a large scale and its unrelenting pain, up close and personal."

Sea of Thunder

Four Commanders and the Last Great Naval Campaign, 1941-1945

Evan Thomas (2006)

"Too often, the European Theater overshadows the Pacific War, but Thomas reminds us with literary eloquence of the sea's monumental role as a battlefield in his account of the last great naval battle between Japanese and American fleets at Leyte Gulf."

As he and **Tom Brokaw** were covering an event honoring the 50th anniversary of D-Day, Tim Russert asked his NBC News colleague his thoughts on the veterans present. "I think this is the greatest generation any society has ever produced," Brokaw replied. In 1998 he published *The Greatest Generation*, a homage to Americans who came of age amid war. Brokaw, who anchored the NBC *Nightly News* for 21 years, was born in 1940 and spent his childhood on an army base in Igloo, South Dakota. "I could name a dozen more World War II books but this is a good start for anyone interested in the greatest event in the history of mankind," says the newsman, who is a special correspondent for NBC News.

SOUND BITE



"Yesterday we had time but no money and...today we have money but no time."

—General George C. Marshall, U.S. Army chief of staff, summer 1940

Finding Humor in Hell

By Gene Santoro

COPENHAGEN, winter 1945: Peter Jorgensen, 18, is a Danish boy scout and Resistance worker whom the Gestapo arrests along with other members of his cell. After days of torture, their captors stuff the Danes into cattle cars and send them to an unknown destination—revealed, after two weeks of meandering through devastated Germany in winter cold, as Dachau concentration camp. “You had to keep your sense of humor,” Jorgensen recalls. “It’s all you had left.”

You faced multiple interrogations.

The first, they handcuffed me in a chair covered with blood and pounded my face. The second, they put me in a straitjacket and repeated the face-pounding until I was more dead than alive; then they took off the straitjacket, and an agent built like a bear beat me unconscious. The third, I had interrogators who looked like Laurel and Hardy but weren’t nearly as funny. One said, “We want a confession, so I’ll spare you further beatings and read you your file.” It was pretty complete from my birth on. I expressed my admiration and signed three copies. He told me I was up for the death penalty; I said I wasn’t eager to die at my tender age. He promised to reduce my sentence to a trip to Germany. On February 19, I celebrated my 19th birthday in Copenhagen’s Vestre prison with a spoonful of gravy and two potatoes.

When did your journey begin?

At four the next morning, 106 prisoners were loaded into buses. Passing through



June 6, 2014

Copenhagen, we saw family and friends through the windows. We waited for the ferry at Gedser, where a sympathetic butcher distributed cigarettes, liver paste, and buckets of milk—our last solid meal. The ferry took us to Warnemünde—the first city we saw in ruins. We were loaded into two small French cattle cars, 53 men per car. The cars stank. We opened the small hatches and saw devastation along the harbor, came up with a system for dealing with our waste, and spent the night in Hamburg’s rail yards.

You thought you were going to a town a day away.

So we ate the last of our provisions. But once we passed Lüneburg, we had no

idea where we were headed. Nothing to drink for two days; nothing to eat for one. Finally, a German corporal gave us a bucket of water from the engine tender, full of oil and dirt; it tasted like champagne. We took turns sitting in the increasingly filthy cars, and sang patriotic songs as we passed locomotives shot to smithereens, burnt-out box-cars, fallow fields, bombed-out cities. At noon on February 22, we rolled into Northeim in central Germany. They parked us amid military trains with antiaircraft guns. We smelled the food the Hitlerjugend had.

Then air-raid sirens wailed.

The heroic Hitler boys took off like all the demons in hell were after them, slid into a ditch, and cocked their machine pistols—at us. We were very glad they didn’t fire at the planes;

we would have been the recipients of retaliation. I spotted a dozen RAF bombers headed our way, and saw the first dot falling. The car rocked violently. We dived onto the floor in a tangle. I hid my head under a fat businessman’s belly. The car jumped on the tracks; soil and rocks pelted the roof; shrapnel whizzed through about a meter off the floor. The next wave lasted much longer. Afterward, the yard was pockmarked with craters, full of twisted rails and damaged trains. The Hitlerjugend crew came back—carefully. We were switched to a remote area of the yard, and sat for three days. Our hunger and thirst and the stench got much worse. They refused us anything: “You were provisioned for the trip.” Germans! But we

did learn that the RAF hadn't killed any civilians, and that our destination was Bavaria, several hundred kilometers away.

What about those provisions?

No food for four days, no water for two. The senior prisoner on our car, Captain Berg, persuaded the guard commander to let him meet the mayor. Berg had all our German currency; off he and the senior prisoner from the other car went, under heavy guard. We stood amid the filth. Our friends in the next car were trying to clean up, but an ex-war correspondent among us said not to: the bacteria would get airborne and we'd suffer epidemics. Later, they did, and we didn't. We joked about Berg returning with fine wines and steaks, but despair was gnawing underneath. He brought 110 loaves of rye bread, sausages, ersatz honey—a feast! We stayed alive on 200 grams of bread and half a cup of dirty water per day.

While you continued your weird tour of Germany.

It was a relief to see intact buildings in Weimar. We left Halle just before it got plastered by bombs. After Leipzig, we kept gaining altitude. Despite hunger and thirst, I couldn't help enjoying the beautiful landscape. But the stench got steadily worse. We used up our paper; our bucket's bottom fell out. So, two men would lift the "victim" up to the hatch to stick his rear end out—the perfect, if unintended, way to show our contempt for the Third Reich. The springlike weather turned back to winter at Regensburg. We were leaving Ingolstadt in snow when air-raid alarms sounded; we witnessed the intensive bombardment from the outskirts. Once more saved by a hair!

Then you arrived at Dachau.

At 9:30 p.m. on March 2, during snowfall whipped by winds. The doors slid open, and the leader barked, in true Prussian fashion, "If anybody tries to escape, you'll all be shot immediately!" That was prob-

**'At Dachau we fell
out of the cattle cars
like cow plop;
none of us could
run even 10 steps.'**



ably the best joke of his life. We tumbled out like cow plop; none of us could run even 10 steps. We marched—and dragged our sick—two kilometers to Dachau's gates, and were prodded and kicked inside. We passed trenches, stone watchtowers, electrified fences. Some of us scooped up snow—we'd had no water for three days—but were warned it was contaminated. We entered the barracks for new prisoners, deposited the sick at one end, and enjoyed stretching out flat on the floor. We were each given a 200-gram hunk of "rye" bread, made of flour, sawdust, and cellulose. I discovered my teeth were so loose I couldn't chew it.

What was daily life like?

During our three-week quarantine, we got coffee in the morning, soup at noon, and at night, coffee and 200 grams of bread. The first dawn we saw our future: emaciated prisoners 10 to 80 years old, barefoot in thin uniforms, coughing and wheezing. They were marched into the

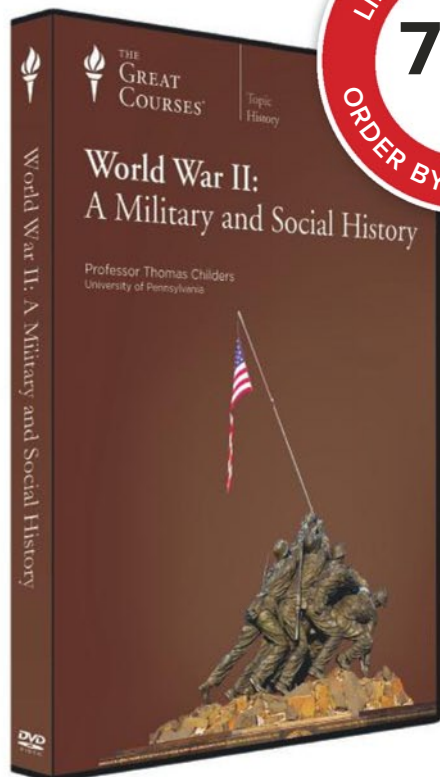
bathhouse, which was also the gas chamber. We never saw them again.

What happened to you Danes?

In an antechamber of the bath-cum-gashouse, we stripped and handed over clothes and valuables like wedding rings, then were herded naked into a room with large vats. There, haircutting was in full swing, so we knew we wouldn't be gassed. A prisoner with a bucket of disinfectant applied it liberally to all body parts where hair had been. We got hot showers with a towel apiece—it was almost luxurious. We were given clothes and instructions, and marched to Block 19. We could see Block 21, for typhoid victims; emaciated corpses were stacked outside each morning. Our nerves were shredded. We settled into routines: delousing each other, dreaming of ham and eggs, watching people die. Each morning a *Kapo* kicked the corpses' mouths open and pulled out their gold teeth with pliers. Dysentery spread: I cured myself by eating old toothpaste and charcoal for three days.

After three weeks, you heard rumors that the Red Cross was intervening.

No one dared believe it. One day, our barracks was suddenly all Danes and Norwegians; we each got Red Cross parcels and an eight-pound loaf of rye bread! A week later, we were called to the bathhouse for baths and new clothes from the Danish Red Cross. At 7 a.m., we were marched from camp. A big white Swedish bus popped out, followed by a bus caravan with supply and repair and tanker trucks, manned by Swedish soldiers, all volunteers. This was thanks to Swedish Count Folke Bernadotte, who rescued 15,000 prisoners, including several thousand Jews. We had a circuitous ride through Germany. One night, we read by the fires burning Hamburg. We met Bernadotte there; he insisted on speaking to us. When we reached Sweden, we were quartered in summer cottages and ate in luxury hotels. On May 17, 1945, we went home. ★



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Curators at **The National World War II Museum** solve readers' artifact mysteries

1 I was very close to my paternal grandfather, Charles "Chuck" Zuch, who passed five years ago. Chuck (well, Grandpa to me) fought with the 28th "Keystone" Infantry Division in the Battle of the Hürtgen Forest. He told me a number of interesting, if not "crazy," stories about the war but rarely elaborated due to the emotion it stirred. And he gave me a number of items bearing swastikas, including one I'd particularly like to learn about, which he took off a German soldier he had killed: a wooden case that has an Iron Cross pin and booklet inside. Thanks in advance. —Kurt A. Zuch, Atlanta, Ga.

The medal is not an Iron Cross, but an *Ehrenkreuz der Deutschen Mutter*: the Cross of Honor of the German Mother. The Reich issued this decoration from 1939–1945 in bronze, silver, or gold; in 1939, more than three million women were eligible. The lowest order, the bronze, went to women who conceived four children. The silver went to women bearing six or seven children, and



1 A German mother of eight (left) cradles her youngest while wearing the medal the child's birth helped her earn.

the gold—the 1st Class Order, which yours appears to be—honored mothers of eight or more children. Nazi Party officials selected the recipients, who had to be not only fruitful, but also exemplars of the Nazi ideal of motherhood—"Aryan" and politically loyal wives and mothers breeding future generations for the Nazi state.

The booklet pictured, *Der Führer und Mussolini*, is not directly related to the decoration. The pamphlet was handed out to supporters of the Nazi *Winterhilfswerk* (literally "winter help work") charity campaign. —Kimberly Guise, Curator/Content Specialist

2 My grandfather was based in the Far East as an engineer captain in the British Army. He was part of the planned invasion of Malaya when the Japanese surrendered; he instead served in the occupying force in Singapore, where he may have picked up this baton. It measures 62-by-3 cm (about 24-by-1 inches) and looks like a cured bamboo stalk. Could you shed any light on it? —Peter Evans, Lane Cove, NSW, Australia

I suspect the baton is what is often called a "swagger stick"—used by uniformed personnel as a totem of authority. But its provenance is difficult to determine: British officers did carry bamboo swagger sticks, so your grandfather's piece is not necessarily something that once belonged to a Japanese officer. He may have acquired it in the Far East. Swagger sticks were popular in the United States military, particularly the Marines, from the 1880s to the 1970s; in the British Army, swagger sticks are still part of officers' working attire. —Toni Kiser, Assistant Director of Collections & Exhibits



2 Symbols of rank and power, swagger sticks, like this bamboo specimen, have a long association with military pomp—and punishment.



3 This tool was my father's and as a kid I always thought it was menacing-looking, but I saved it. Watching the History Channel's "The Lost Evidence: Crossing the Rhine" episode, I saw a reenactment of GIs storming the bridge at Remagen and cutting the wires to explosives with a tool just like this. I took a closer look at mine and noticed that it has "US 1942" and what appears to be "WKP" or "WKD" stamped on the head. Can you tell me anything about it? —Neil Movitz, Greenwood Village, Colo.

Those are indeed wire cutters: the M-1938 model, standard issue for U.S. troops in World War II. The military issued these cutters to assault troops for breaching wire obstacles in every operation and theater of war. The handles were insulated so a user could safely cut medium-voltage wires as well as barbed wire.

4 Sikh troops of the 19th Indian Infantry Brigade man a Bren gun near Villa Grande, Italy.



3 GIs in training navigate a barbed wire fence thanks to a pair of M-1938 wire cutters.

The initials you see are HKP—the maker's mark: H.K. Porter, Inc., still in business, made these cutters. Other companies also manufactured the tool for the U.S. government, including the British firm Wilkinson Sword. —Larry Decuers, Curator

4 This knife was brought home to my grandmother in London after her brother—my great uncle, Thomas William Sexton—died in Burma in 1944, shortly after the Battle of Kohima. He was in the British Army and part of the Royal Artillery, namely the 100th Antitank Regiment. I've been

searching for quite some time to find the knife's origin; any help would be appreciated. —Johnny Blackmore, Essex, England

The knife is a kirpan, which is one of the five articles of faith worn by baptized Sikhs. Kirpans have changed significantly over the centuries. They were originally full-length swords, but

by the 20th century were typically knives less than 18 inches long. They represent a Sikh's willingness to defend those in need of aid.

Sikh soldiers fought with the British Army in the European and Mediterranean Theaters, as well as in India and Burma. Your great uncle may have acquired this kirpan from a Sikh soldier; the 100th Antitank Regiment was part of the British 2nd Infantry Division, Fourteenth Army. The division participated in the Battle of Kohima; the division's monument to the battle, at the Kohima War Cemetery in Nagaland, India, provides one of the most famous quotations of the war:

"When you go home, tell them of us and say,
For your tomorrow, we gave
our today."

—Eric Rivet, Curator

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The Kasserine Complex

By Robert M. Citino

THE U.S. ARMY WAS the 11th army to fight the Germans in World War II and, like the others, it got some rough treatment the first time out. A battle in February 1943 at an obscure hunk of rock in North Africa named Kasserine Pass saw the Germans land a big initial blow, encircling one American force and driving others from one position to the next in complete disorder. Just as all seemed lost, however, the seemingly vanquished rallied. A few men here and there at first, guided by a handful of field-grade officers, showed heart as American defenses gradually coalesced, stiffened, and finally halted the Germans.

All's well that ends well, in other words. And yet the battle bit deep into the U.S. Army's psyche, instilling a "Kasserine complex": an insecurity about the army's fighting qualities. The Kasserine complex reappeared in September 1943 during the Salerno landing, where a German counterattack almost threw the American force back into the sea, and reared its head in December 1944 in the Ardennes, where the Battle of the Bulge opened with the Germans smashing an entire U.S. infantry division—the unfortunate 106th.

Even the U.S. Army's eventual victory in the war, which should have killed all doubts, didn't end its Kasserine complex. The decades after 1945 witnessed the rise of a fascination, even identification, with the army's former opponent. The Wehrmacht's combat operations became a kind of gold standard for the U.S. Army, which seemed convinced that the Germans embodied a unique "genius for war," as one book put it. American officials interrogated hundreds of German officers, many in custody for war crimes, about their battlefield techniques, and commissioned them to write reports on all aspects of warmaking, from "operations of encircled forces" and "Russian combat methods" to "German defense



A reverence for German warmaking colored U.S. Army doctrine decades after the war.

tactics against Russian breakthroughs."

Equally fascinating to the U.S. Army were German generals' memoirs. *Lost Victories* by Erich von Manstein, *Panzer Leader* by Heinz Guderian, *Panzer Battles* by Friedrich von Mellenthin, and many more won wide readership. Not only did they seem to embody that German genius, they also spoke to an American officer corps with a new mission: defending Europe against Soviet aggression. After all, who had more experience fighting the Red Army than the Wehrmacht?

The peak of German worship came in the 1980s. Emerging from its post-Vietnam hangover and rededicated to large-scale conventional warfare, the U.S. Army devised a new doctrine, AirLand Battle. Featuring heavy mechanized forces and starring the new M1 Abrams tank, AirLand Battle was nothing less than an attempt to recreate the blitzkrieg. The "new" doctrine swept the field in 1991 in Operation Desert Storm, smashing the Iraqi army and liberating Kuwait

in four days with minimal casualties. The doctrine had less success in 2003's Operation Iraqi Freedom. American and Allied forces swiftly overran Iraq with a small, high-tech force. But that operation then fell victim to a vicious insurgency requiring years to suppress—something that would have seemed mighty familiar to Germans who fought in Yugoslavia or the Soviet Union after 1941.

In the end, the Kasserine complex was senseless. The U.S. Army had no reason to copy the Wehrmacht. For all the Germans' battlefield strengths, including mobility, fighting power, and aggressive leadership, they were deficient in other areas: logistics, administration, military intelligence—the very disciplines at which Americans are expert. The two armies' first encounter in World War II might not have satisfied the Americans, but they ultimately prevailed. In the long term, the U.S. Army should have left Kasserine where it belonged: to the pages of a history long since closed. ★

Target Berlin

By Andrew Curry

IT'S EARLY APRIL, and Berlin's Humboldthain Park is in full bloom. Wide paths run beneath leafy trees, kids play in grassy meadows, and couples sit on benches watching the world go by. At the park's northern end, between a public pool and a rose garden, the start of an unnaturally steep hill forces me to hop off my bike and walk. The trees get closer, and the paths narrow into switchbacks as they climb. At the top, five stories or more over the train tracks that border the park, there's a concrete wall—and a heavy steel door.

Waiting for me is Holger Happel, a guide who works for Berliner Unterwelten, a volunteer organization dedicated to exploring and preserving Berlin's near-forgotten subterranean spaces. The hill underneath our feet, he explains, is entirely artificial. We're standing atop the ruins of the Humboldthain flak tower. Once a castle-like concrete and steel bunker and gun platform 10 stories high, it was completed in 1942 as part of a network of anti-aircraft towers that spewed flak at incoming Allied bombers. (The term "flak" is short for *Flugabwehrkanone*—anti-aircraft cannons.)

Humboldthain is one of a few fortifications and bunkers remaining in Berlin. Allied engineers removed the most prominent after the war, but local authorities repurposed a few, while others were forgotten or too solidly built to destroy. Humboldthain is one of the latter: After the war, French engineers blew up half of it and buried the rest under hundreds of tons of dirt and rubble. Technically, Happel's tour will take me and a gaggle of German tourists underground, but we'll be high above the park the whole time.

At the bunker's entrance, Happel hands out hard hats and takes a look at our shoes. "High heels, sandals—we've seen it all, believe me," he says, satisfied that everyone's feet are protected. With that, the door slams shut and we begin our descent.



The Humboldthain flak tower, once used as a bomb shelter (opposite left), is now mostly buried and partially destroyed.

The tour begins at the uppermost floor, where gun crews once manned the 88mm flak cannons on top of the tower. It's chilly and a little bit damp. The bunker's

interior is a steady 50 degrees Fahrenheit year round, an ideal habitat for bats in the winter—which is why Humboldthain is only open for tours from April to October.

Work on Berlin's trio of flak towers began in the fall of 1940, a few months after the first British air raid on the capital. "It took less than a year for the war to turn back on Germany," Happel says. The attack, at the extreme range of British bombers at the time, put Berlin on notice: The defensive belt of anti-aircraft guns in the forests around the city wasn't going to be enough to ward off assaults.

Nazi officials responded with an urgent building project for shelters, bunkers, and flak towers. German leaders made the *Sofortprogramm* a national priority, sparing no expense. Some of Germany's top construction firms used prisoners of war and forced laborers to complete the project. Because of Berlin's sandy soil, most of the construction was above ground.

The flak towers were the program's most visible component. In 1940, construction began on towers in central Berlin's Tiergarten region and in the eastern Berlin neighborhood of Friedrichshain. In October 1941, work began on the Humboldthain tower. When it was finished seven months later, the three towers formed what looked like a formidable defense system. The trio coordinated their fire, with shells timed to explode at a preset altitude and create

clouds of shrapnel that approaching bombers had to fly through. "For propaganda, it was a big deal," Happel says. "It let the Nazis show people 'Look, we're trying to protect you and do something.'"

But Humboldthain and its brothers were more PR than protection. Over the course of the war, the tower downed 32 bombers—not a terribly impressive number, considering there were more than 300 raids on Berlin, some with more than 750 heavy bombers. Late in the war, high-altitude bombing put planes out of the flak towers' reach entirely.

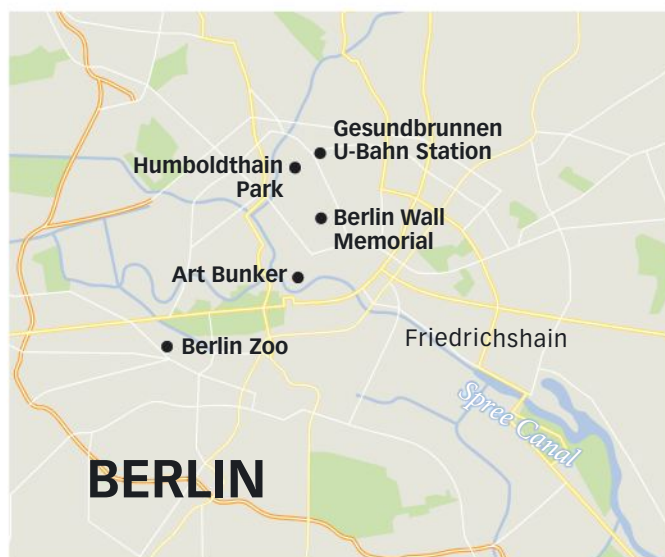
The Humboldthain tower never sustained a direct hit. As a result, the top

floor is in great shape compared to lower levels, which succumbed to French engineers' dynamite. In one corner of the building, a spiral concrete staircase hangs by threads of rebar, leaving a gaping six-story shaft down the middle. Happel's flashlight isn't powerful enough to penetrate the gloom at the bottom. On the third floor, the roof is concave, sagging under the weight of tons of dirt outside. There are gaping cracks in the inner walls and head-high piles of rubble.

The lower levels were designed as a civilian shelter, capable of holding 15,000 people. Most Berliners took refuge from bombs in makeshift basement bomb

Formerly part of Berlin's anti-aircraft fortification, the city's abandoned bunkers have been integrated into daily life, transformed into a climbing wall (right) and an art gallery (bottom right).





shelters, subway tunnels, or reinforced trenches. But when the Humboldthain tower finally surrendered on May 2, 1945, between 40,000 and 50,000 terrified Berliners were huddled inside—mostly civilians fleeing from Soviet troops who had overrun the surrounding neighborhood. “By the end of the war, people were spending days or even weeks in this concrete cave,” Happel says.

On the wall of one cavernous chamber, a laminated 1941 photo shows the tower’s roughly 170-person crew, lined up in rows outside the front entrance. “If you took that photo a few years later, it would look like a high school graduation picture,” Happel says. By 1944, the gun crews were actually high school students, most of them just 17 or 18. They were given armbands emblazoned “LH,” for *Luftwaffenhelfer*. In the last days of the war, Berliners joked the initials stood for *Letzte Hoffnung*—last hope.

Most of Berlin’s bunkers didn’t fare as well as Humboldthain, but the cityscape is dotted with concrete remainders of the air war against the German capital. Berliner Unterwelten runs tours in a handful of other World War II-era bunkers, keeping them clean and secured in exchange for permission to enter them.

A few hundred yards from the Humboldthain tower is the Gesundbrunnen U-Bahn station, the site of the association’s most popular tour. This one was purely a shelter, designed for civil-

ians and set up in the warren of tunnels underneath the subway tracks. Open for guided tours, it’s a revealing look at wartime conditions; unlike the nearby flak tower, the bunker never sustained major damage.

Inside, several rooms recreate the crowded atmosphere of the war-

time bunker, with composting toilets and bunks packed into claustrophobic, low-ceilinged chambers. The highlight is the room reserved for emergency responders, painted floor-to-ceiling with glow-in-the-dark paint. When the guide turns off the light, the room is still bright enough to make out everyone there. “Please don’t touch the walls,” the guide says politely. “The paint’s not very good for your health.”

Across town in Schöneberg, you can see the remains of a bunker beneath a

major housing project on Pallasstrasse. Sitting as it does in a densely-populated neighborhood, the bunker was too difficult to destroy safely. The blown-out Pallasstrasse bunker had a cameo in Wim Wenders’s 1987 film *Wings of Desire*, a surreal love song to Berlin featuring angels, circus performers, and Peter Falk as a former angel dedicated to persuading celestials to become mortals.

And near the main train station in the city center, there’s the so-called “Art Bunker.” This civilian shelter led a colorful postwar life as a Soviet prison and fabric warehouse. In 1957, the East German government used it to store tropical fruit imported from Cuba, earning it the nickname “Bananenbunker.” After the Berlin Wall fell, entrepreneurs turned it into one of Berlin’s most out-there fetish and sex clubs; in 2003 a wealthy art connoisseur bought it to display his collection.

The atmosphere inside is more minimalist gallery than battle-scarred haven. Some of the concrete walls have been painted white, hallways are hung with photography, and rooms have been enlarged to make room for works by artists like Olafur Eliasson and Ai Weiwei. The brightly-lit spaces and murmur from video installations are a total contrast to the cavernous gloom of Humboldthain.

As we file through the lowest level of the Humboldthain tower, it’s hard to imagine I’m still three stories above ground, level with birds’ nests in the surrounding trees. Cascades of shattered brick and concrete spill from the walls. Mounds of rubble are piled to my right and left, leaving a narrow passage to walk through. The stairways are canted at odd angles. In some spots, steel steps bolted to the walls replace collapsed flooring.

For a moment, I’m transported to the desolate fall of 1945. Hundreds of tons of concrete and steel couldn’t protect the city once the air war began in earnest. The conflict conceived and set in motion in Berlin returned to devastate the city. By the time the war was over, all of Berlin resembled this dark, silent ruin. ★

WHEN YOU GO

Berliner Unterwelten runs tours in most of Berlin’s remaining bunkers (berliner-unterwelten.de). The “Art Bunker” is open for guided tours Thursday through Sunday; spots are reserved months in advance at sammlung-boros.de. The Humboldthain tower and the bomb shelter under the Gesundbrunnen station are both near the U8 subway line, which runs north to south through eastern Berlin.

WHAT ELSE TO SEE

At Bernauerstrasse, two stops on the U8 south of Gesundbrunnen, is the recently renovated Berlin Wall Memorial (berliner-mauer-gedenkstaette.de/en).

WHERE TO STAY

On and around Rosenthaler Platz, also on the U8, there are ample accommodations at several different price points, from the EasyHotel (easyhotel.com/hotels/berlin.html) to the stylish Casa Camper (casacamper.com/berlin).

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The High Price of Valor

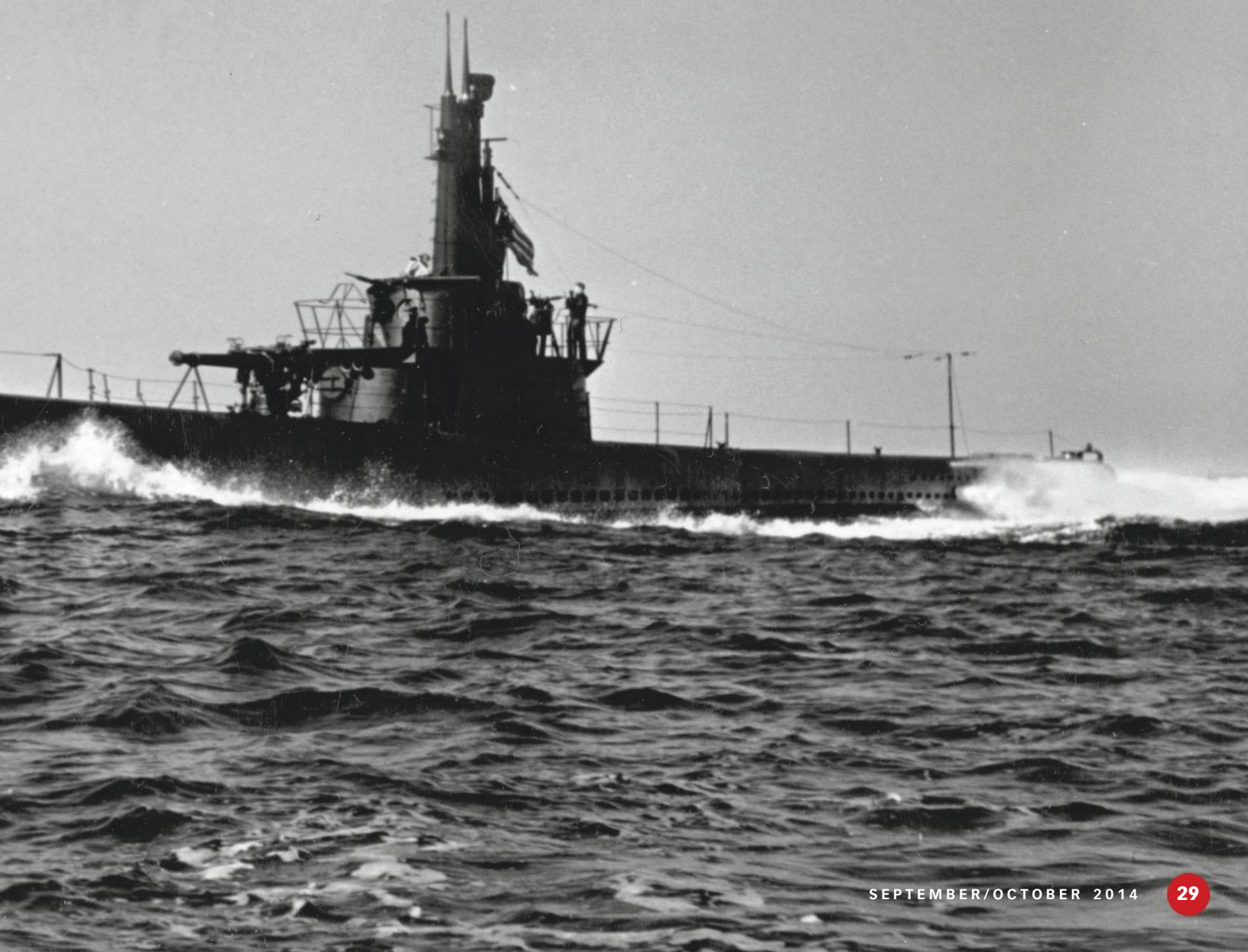
By Steven Trent Smith



Submariner Sam Dealey achieved the hunter-killer ideal, but success at sea cost him his life



Commander Samuel Dealey (inset) earned four Navy Crosses aboard the ill-fated USS *Harder*, a boat of the generation that preceded the USS *Capelin* (shown).



The pinging started in at 5:32 a.m. on August 24, 1944, a signal to two U.S. Navy submarines lying outside Dasol Bay on Luzon that enemy vessels were about to make the 130-mile run for the safety of Manila along the island's west coast. The day before, the subs had devastated a four-ship Japanese convoy whose sole survivor had spent the night in Dasol's shallows among other enemy vessels. At 5:54 the periscope watch on the USS *Hake* spotted two sets of masts near the bay's entrance. Chimes rang as the *Hake*'s rookie commander, Frank Haylor, ordered "battle stations torpedo." A few thousand yards away, the USS *Harder*'s veteran skipper, Sam Dealey, issued the same call. Within an hour the *Hake* identified both targets: the *PB-102*, a captured American destroyer, and *CD-22*, a new Imperial Navy frigate bristling with antisubmarine gear.

As Haylor was setting up for a shot, the old destroyer zigged. He broke off the attack. "Sighted *Harder*'s periscope dead ahead about 600-700 yards," he recorded in his patrol report. Lookouts on the enemy frigate must have spotted the scope, too, for the *CD-22* turned directly toward the subs. As Haylor noted, the frigate continued to ping and "apparently had two targets and couldn't decide what the score was." He changed course, took *Hake* deep, rigged for depth charge, and crossed his fingers.

Dealey, a bold and confident officer who had 20 enemy ships to his credit, held firm. As the frigate approached head-on, he launched three torpedoes "down the throat"—a risky gambit that sent the fish in a tight cluster, a degree or two apart, so that by the time lookouts aboard the target saw them streaking toward their ship there would be no way to evade. Dealey had already sunk two enemy destroyers

using this daring tactic. But that morning he miscalculated: two torpedoes went wide to port, the other wide to starboard. A few minutes later Frank Haylor heard "15 rapid depth charges." He didn't realize then that the explosions marked the end of the *Harder* and its 79-man crew.

News of the *Harder*'s loss with all hands rocked the American undersea force. How could a plodding frigate have taken out Sam "Destroyer Killer" Dealey, winner of four Navy Crosses and one of the best submarine skippers of the war? Some believed he had simply run out of luck. Others thought Dealey had finally crossed the line between boldness and recklessness, and paid the ultimate price.

SAMUEL DAVID DEALEY JR.'S navy career began inauspiciously. He "bilged out" of the Naval Academy at the end of his first semester for poor grades and a stack of demerits.

The ex-midshipman was the Dallas-born namesake of a well-known real estate developer and nephew of a powerful local newspaperman. When Sam Sr. died in 1912, his widow moved the family to Denver, Colorado, then Santa Monica, California, and finally back to Dallas, where Sam finished high school. In 1925 Representative Hatton Sumners (D-TX) nominated Sam to the Academy, and a year later young Dealey was back pleading for a second endorsement. The usually stern Sumners assented; after all, Sam's uncle George Dealey had recently bought the influential *Dallas Morning News*. This time Dealey put his nose to the grindstone... but only just. On his way to becoming an ensign the 5'9" midshipman boxed intramurally; displayed, according to the yearbook, *The Lucky Bag*, a "never-failing sense of humor;" and earned notoriety as "an organizer of parties, real parties." Just days after graduating in 1930, Sam



To succeed at war, the American submarine force had to find a new balance between spit and polish—typified here by an August 1943 formal inspection—and the rough-and-ready mentality of combat.

In a sequence *Harder's* crew knew well, American sailors aboard another sub train their deck gun on a Japanese sampan. The explosive rounds set the small transport afire. In the final frame, exposed through the lens of the submarine's periscope, the burning enemy ship is about to sink.

married his longtime sweetheart, Edwina Vawter.

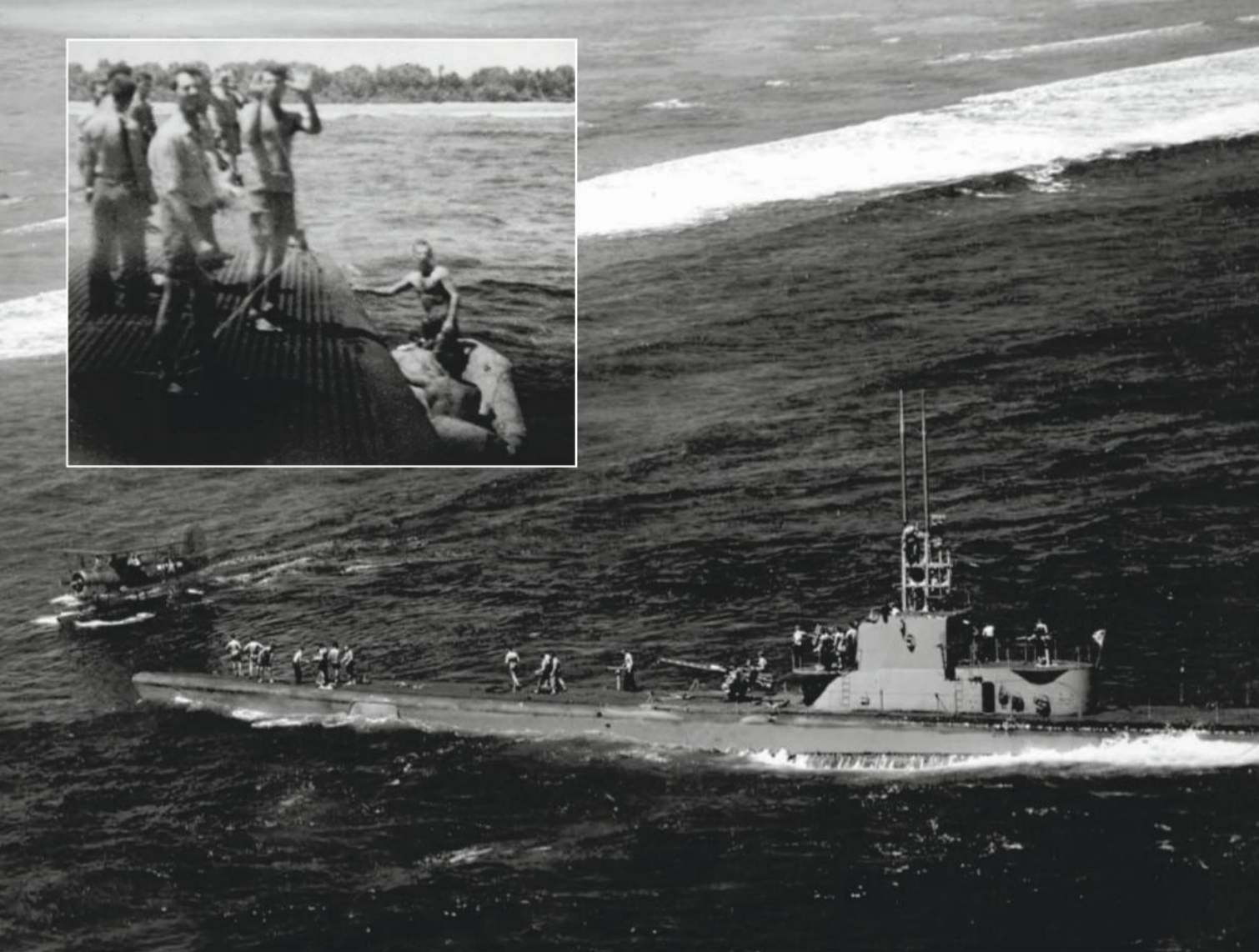
Following sea duty aboard the battleship USS *Nevada*, Dealey requested transfer in 1934 to the Submarine School at New London, Connecticut. Not only did submarine work pay a bonus, but boats rarely went on long cruises, meaning more time at home with his young family. Dealey did well at New London. "He was a quiet officer, not a colorful one," his first skipper noted. That decorousness fit America's 1930s-era submarine culture, which applauded caution and punished innovation and aggression. A sub's primary role was scouting, not offense. At annual fleet exercises skippers won points for their boats' cleanliness, not the ability to stalk and attack targets. Night exercises were banned. If a referee spotted a periscope breaking the surface, the skipper using it could be relieved instantly.

Dealey returned to surface duty aboard the battleship USS *Wyoming*, leaving after a year in spring 1940 to be executive officer of the destroyer USS *Reuben James*—probably at the request of its skipper, H. L. "Tex" Edwards, a close friend and mentor at Annapolis. The old four-stacker was on "neutrality patrol" in the Gulf of Mexico, working with British warships to waylay German U-boats and surface raiders. Dealey soon sought transfer back to subs, and in April 1941 received his first command, the vintage S-20, assigned to test experimental gear. Dealey seemed a careerist: soft-spoken, well regarded, unremarkable. Events would change that.

On October 31, 1941, a U-boat sent the *Reuben James* to the bottom with Tex Edwards and all but 45 of its 160-man crew. The loss devastated Dealey. Then the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. From that moment, Sam Dealey had one purpose: to get into the war. He bore down on readying the S-20 for combat, relentlessly driving his crew—and himself.

AFTER PEARL HARBOR, American submariners quickly realized their culture of caution had to change. Subs needed highly adaptive, enterprising, independent officers eager to take risks that would have deep-sexed peacetime careers. Doctrine began to evolve as skippers back from combat filed war patrol reports with superiors and peers. These 50-to-60-page accounts of lessons learned addressed plane and ship contacts, radio reception, equipment malfunctions, habitability, and, of course, details about tactics and techniques used in torpedo attacks. To these remarks senior commanders added assessments encouraging or discouraging particular methods, and skippers shipping out on war patrols were expected to absorb the documents. Over time this accumulated into a formal doctrine dedicated to aggressiveness. In the short term, the change battered many older skippers; during 1942 nearly 30 percent lost their commands. Among candidates pinpointed in the search for combat-ready replacements was Sam Dealey, still running that test-bed relic out of New London. In September 1942, hoping he would demonstrate an ability to sink enemy ships, the navy gave him command of the USS *Harder*, a new 1,525-ton *Gato*-class sub. By April 1943 Dealey was bound for Pearl Harbor and showing a perfectionist streak. His log describes diving drills, fire control drills, battle surface drills, torpedo drills, and more. On the afternoon of





Dealey and his crew showed moxie when he grounded the *Harder* on a reef off Woleai Atoll and sent a raft (inset) to rescue a navy pilot shot down and injured. Under Japanese sniper fire, the sailors saved the flyer, who joined them for the rest of the patrol.

June 7, 1943, the *Harder* cleared Pearl's Hospital Point, bull-nose aimed west toward Japanese waters for its first war patrol, with orders to behave boldly and strike hard.

By late June, when Dealey reached his station south of Tokyo Bay, he had digested the patrol reports, and quickly put their lessons to work. Just after midnight on June 22, *Harder* encountered a two-ship convoy with a single escort. Dealey maneuvered into position and fired four torpedoes at the small tanker leading the group. The first fish exploded prematurely, but the other three plowed into the target, setting it ablaze. He went for the escort vessel but glare from the tanker spoiled his night vision. He prudently took his sub deep. Working the shallow waters along the Japanese coast, Dealey made four more attacks over the next seven days—all successful. When he had expended his 24 torpedoes, he turned *Harder* around. Back at Pearl, the rookie skipper handed in his patrol report, and was credited with three enemy ships sunk, four damaged. Superiors reacted

ecstatically. "One of the finest first patrols made by any submarine," the division commander wrote. "A beautiful job." Dealey was modest about his achievements but his aggressiveness had established a pattern—and earned him a Navy Cross.

Harder's second patrol, also in imperial waters, went much like the first. On the six-week sortie Dealey fired all 24 torpedoes. The enemy responded forcefully; in the sub's 23 days on station Japanese warships dropped 102 depth charges on the boat, which at one point escorts forced down for 58 hours. None the worse for wear, and claiming four ships sunk, the *Harder* returned to Pearl on October 6, 1943, to more adulation and a second Navy Cross for its skipper.

On October 30, the *Harder* departed for the Mariana Islands with the *Snook* and the *Pargo* in the navy's second-ever wolf pack, led by Captain Frederick B. "Fearless Freddie" Warder. The evolving American wolf pack doctrine called for subs to operate in groups, coordinating their attacks (see "Pack Mentality," September 2009), but on this run each boat worked alone. Dealey sank three ships, damaged two, and, out of torpedoes, headed back to the barn nine days ahead of his pack mates. "The personnel of the *Harder* are 'attack minded,'" Dealey wrote in his war patrol report, no doubt meaning him-

self as well as his men. "They grow restless when targets are hard to find, are eager for each attack to be pushed home, and would not be satisfied with less aggressive patrols." He received another Navy Cross and another shower of praise.

On its fourth patrol, the *Harder* stood lifeguard duty in the Caroline Islands, where aviators from Vice Admiral Marc Mitscher's Task Force 58 were to work over the 6,500 Japanese holding Woleai Atoll. During that April 1, 1944, attack, an American pilot parachuted to the atoll's beach. Guided by other airmen circling above, Dealey grounded the *Harder's* nose on the reef forming Woleai's lagoon and sent three volunteers in a rubber boat to shore. For an hour, the sailors, amid sniper fire, struggled to reach and retrieve the injured flyer, Lieutenant (Junior Grade) John R. Galvin. Once his team returned with Galvin, Dealey backed the sub off the coral and headed to sea.

Twelve days later lookouts sighted a destroyer's masts. The modern, powerful, and fast *Ikazuchi* seemed to be circling and pinging. "Sounded battle stations and headed for the destroyer at 1/3 speed keeping the bow always pointed at the target," Dealey wrote. After two-and-a-half hours of tracking he fired four torpedoes that sank the destroyer, his first. The next night a message from Pearl Harbor declaring "open season" on Japanese destroyers prompted much hilarity in the wardroom.

Early on April 16, a 3,500-ton cargoman and two destroyers emerged from Woleai's lagoon. The *Harder* stalked them until 3:35 the next morning, when Dealey attacked, sinking the *maru* and damaging a destroyer. His fourth patrol brought a fourth Navy Cross and a change of *Harder's* base to Fremantle, on Australia's west coast.

THE LEGEND OF DESTROYER KILLER Dealey solidified on the *Harder's* fifth patrol. This time the sub's station was the Sibutu Passage, a 30-mile corridor between the Celebes and Sulu Seas. Besides conducting a war patrol Dealey had two special missions: extracting an intelligence team stranded on Borneo and reconnoitering Tawi-Tawi, the Japanese fleet anchorage in the southern Philippines.

He threaded the *Harder* north through the Malay Barrier, a maze of islands, shallows, and narrow straits dense with enemy traffic, and reached the Sibutu Passage on June 6, 1944. At 7:30 p.m. radar picked up three large tankers, escorted by two destroyers. The enemy vessels were steaming south at 14 knots; the night sky was cloudy. Dealey raced ahead. The *Harder* had surfaced, waiting to pounce, when the moon broke through. A lookout aboard the closest destroyer saw the sub, and the hunter became the hunted. "He was headed hell-bent for *Harder*," Dealey reported. "We turned tail.... At 19 knots we left a wake that looked like a broad avenue for five miles astern." He dove and swung hard left. Bringing *Harder's* stern tubes to bear, he fired three torpedoes. Two struck broadside. Within five minutes the destroyer had sunk. About an hour later another destroyer charged the *Harder*. Dealey emptied all

six bow tubes. When every torpedo missed, he dove.

At the mouth of the Sibutu Passage the next morning, *Harder* and a Japanese destroyer spotted one another. The enemy captain attacked; Dealey stood fast. When the range shrank to 650 yards he fired three torpedoes down the throat, then watched through the periscope as his assailant sank stern first within a minute. That afternoon two destroyers, and then a third, came into view. Soon six Japanese destroyers were dogging him, and Dealey reluctantly slipped away. "I really believe we might have gotten one or two more," he wrote. "The gamble would have been made at too great a risk." Two days late for his Borneo rendezvous, he steered west. Just after midnight on June 8, *Harder* extracted six British and Australian intelligence agents.

By the next evening the *Harder* was back at the north end of the Sibutu Passage when lookouts identified two Japanese destroyers on patrol. Dealey stalked the lead ship, but as he was setting up, the enemy vessels' courses converged. Thinking he might be able to sink both with a single volley, he fired four. Three connected. A huge explosion erupted on the first destroyer, heavily concussing the *Harder*. Through the periscope Dealey next saw no trace of the first ship and "the tail of the second destroyer straight in the air."

Dealey headed for Tawi-Tawi, where on June 10 he observed the arrival of a large part of the Japanese Combined Fleet—an armada of three battleships, four or more cruisers, and six or eight destroyers. Spotting the *Harder*, one destroyer charged at 35 knots. This time there would be no evading. "We had to hit him—or else," Dealey wrote later. At 1,500 yards he fired three torpedoes down the throat and dove, maintaining course. In the 55 seconds it took his first fish to hit, the sub traveled to a spot almost directly beneath its target and "all Hell broke loose." Dealey alerted Pearl Harbor to the enemy fleet's position. In five days he had sunk five destroyers—the Japanese thought a squadron of American subs had encircled Tawi-Tawi—but stress was high. "Fatigue of all hands approached a dangerous stage several times," wrote Dealey, who was not immune. "Sam was showing unmistakable signs of strain," recalled executive officer Frank Lynch, who once found his captain in a "state of mild shock, unable to make a decision."

The *Harder's* crew expected a three-week leave, but was diverted to Darwin to pickup Seventh Fleet submarine commander Rear Admiral Ralph Christie, who wanted to observe the legendary Dealey in action. He even had a target in mind: an enemy transport said to be hauling nickel ore, essential for making steel. Just 10 hours after docking, the sub was steaming back toward the Malay Barrier, its patrol extended 18 days.

Six days out, lookouts sighted an enemy cruiser with two escorts, but the trio was too far away to approach. "Why didn't you expose your conning tower and lure the destroyers and sink them?" asked Christie. Dealey asked the admiral if he was being serious. He was. Dealey demurred. On June 30, the submariners spotted the nickel ship, but it had protection: two



Focused on their tasks, submariners readying a salvo in the USS *Cero*'s torpedo room become one with their machinery.

floatplanes aloft, plus an escort vessel. Dealey and Christie watched the freighter steam away. After the fruitless patrol extension, the *Harder* headed for Fremantle, arriving on July 10, 1944, to a grand reception. Christie presented his host a plaque depicting an enemy destroyer broken in two, with the legend "To Comdr. Sam Dealey—Destroyer Killer—In grateful appreciation from his fellow submarine skippers." Kudos-laden endorsements piled up: "The most brilliant in a series of five outstanding patrols"; "An epoch making war patrol"; "It is recommended that this patrol report be studied by all submarine officers." And from Fremantle to New London, the *Harder*'s fifth run was the talk of the force. "Rarely had a single war patrol received such unrestrained praise and enthusiasm," recalled James F. Calvert, an officer on the USS *Jack*. "Every submariner tipped his hat to the *Harder* for this one."

AS THE WAR PROGRESSED, skippers inevitably began to burn out, leading to a policy of relieving captains—particularly successful ones—after four or five patrols. To recuperate, they got shore duty or assignments to subs under construction. Such interludes were as necessary as oxygen. "You get too confident," said submarine ace Slade Deville Cutter, second among sub captains in wartime sinkings. "When you made your fifth patrol, you became careless, you had lost your respect for the enemy." He could have been describing Dealey, who according to Frank Lynch had become, by the end of his fifth patrol, "quite casual about Japanese antisubmarine measures."

Commander Dealey obviously was in line for a break. Fearless Freddie Warder, poised to head the Submarine School, asked the navy to give him Dealey. The possibility excited the Texan, who insisted that before heading to New London he take the *Harder* out once more. Christie bowed to his star skipper's will. On August 5, 1944, in company with the *Hake*, the

Harder departed Fremantle, never to return.

"The most ghastly, tragic news we could possibly receive," Christie wrote in his diary upon learning *Harder's* fate. "We can't bear this one." Submariners hotly debated the cause of the Destroyer Killer's demise. Most blamed Christie for letting Dealey go on that final sortie. But Dealey shared in that responsibility. He firmly believed he *was* fit for command, and insisted on another patrol. Given his record and the submarine culture's celebration of risk, it would have taken a bold superior, even one wearing gold braid, to buck him. Dealey received a posthumous Medal of Honor and Silver Star to go with his four Navy Crosses, Distinguished Service Cross, Purple Heart, and Presidential Unit Citation—the fourth-most highly decorated serviceman in American history. Of 20.5 ships the *Harder*

claimed, postwar analysis allowed 16; of six destroyers claimed, review confirmed four. Dealey's record placed him fifth among American submariners in vessels sunk during the war.

How did an officer rated unremarkable before the war transform into one of the navy's most audacious, successful submarine commanders? In assigning Dealey the *Harder* the admirals were gambling that he possessed a native ability to sink enemy ships. Right out of the gate he showed that ability in spades, and his legend grew in tandem with his record. He came to epitomize what the wartime navy valued most in sub skippers, as well as the kind of submariner all skippers aspired to be.

Dealey's transformation may have begun when he recognized he *liked* hunting and sinking enemy ships, and that he was good at it. Perhaps in those moments when he was sweating in the conning tower waiting for a torpedo to strike or a depth charge to detonate, Sam Dealey found a sublime and addictive thrill, a feeling of invincibility that in the end carried him to and over the precipice of boldness. ★

The *Harder* crew celebrates another victorious war patrol. In this undated photo, the sailors and officers display miniature flags representing Japanese vessels taken out of action.



▼ **PRIVATE FIRST CLASS** Mickey Rooney tickles 44th Division infantrymen on April 13, 1945, near Kist, Germany. The young star, who did his first USO show between two tanks three miles from the front, rolled into Bavaria by jeep, trying to keep pace with advancing Allied forces.





SHOWTIME AT THE FRONT LINE

The USO
Foxhole
Circuit brought
star troupers
to the troops

A LASTING IMAGE OF THE USO IS A gaggle of gals and guys fronting a big band. Spectacles like that did occur, but GIs at the spear's point more often got morale-building music and patter from acts scaled small to put them as near as possible to the action and the men most in need of a smile and a song. To complement a cavalcade of big names working gratis, the USO had more than 5,000 less stellar players on salary. Performances totaled nearly 430,000. "We've been out of San Francisco 15 days and have done 38 shows and visited six hospitals," a showman wrote. "Couldn't sleep last night because four of the big guns were firing every 10 minutes all night, just 150 yards away from us." The Foxhole Circuit was fraught: in July 1944 husband-and-wife vaudevillians nabbed in Normandy spent 12 days being held by German troops, and by war's end 37 USO performers had died en route to and from combat zone stages. —*Michael Dolan*



▲ **A LITTLE TOUCH OF SATIN**

in the night inspires GIs to insert combat boots into an impromptu kick line in Australia, home base for USO troupers ranging across the Pacific.

► **BOB HOPE'S RELENTLESSNESS** made him an icon. "He works month after month at a pace that would kill most people," war correspondent John Steinbeck wrote of Hope's USO effort. Top: On August 13, 1944, Hope, dancer Patty Thomas, guitarist Tony Romano, actress Frances Langford, and comic Jerry Colonna visit men wounded on Saipan bound for New Caledonia. Bottom: Hope and Thomas greet the 113th Seabees at Hollandia, New Guinea.





▲ **STARS-TO-BE** and -not-to-be dotted the USO roster. Singer Ruth Carrell, with husband and future Mickey Mouse Club host Jimmie Dodd, appear in China (top), on a tour that included dancer and singer Rose Marie Volin (above). U.S. Army cartographer Corporal Sammy Gold covered the tour; his heirs donated the photos to the USO in 2006.





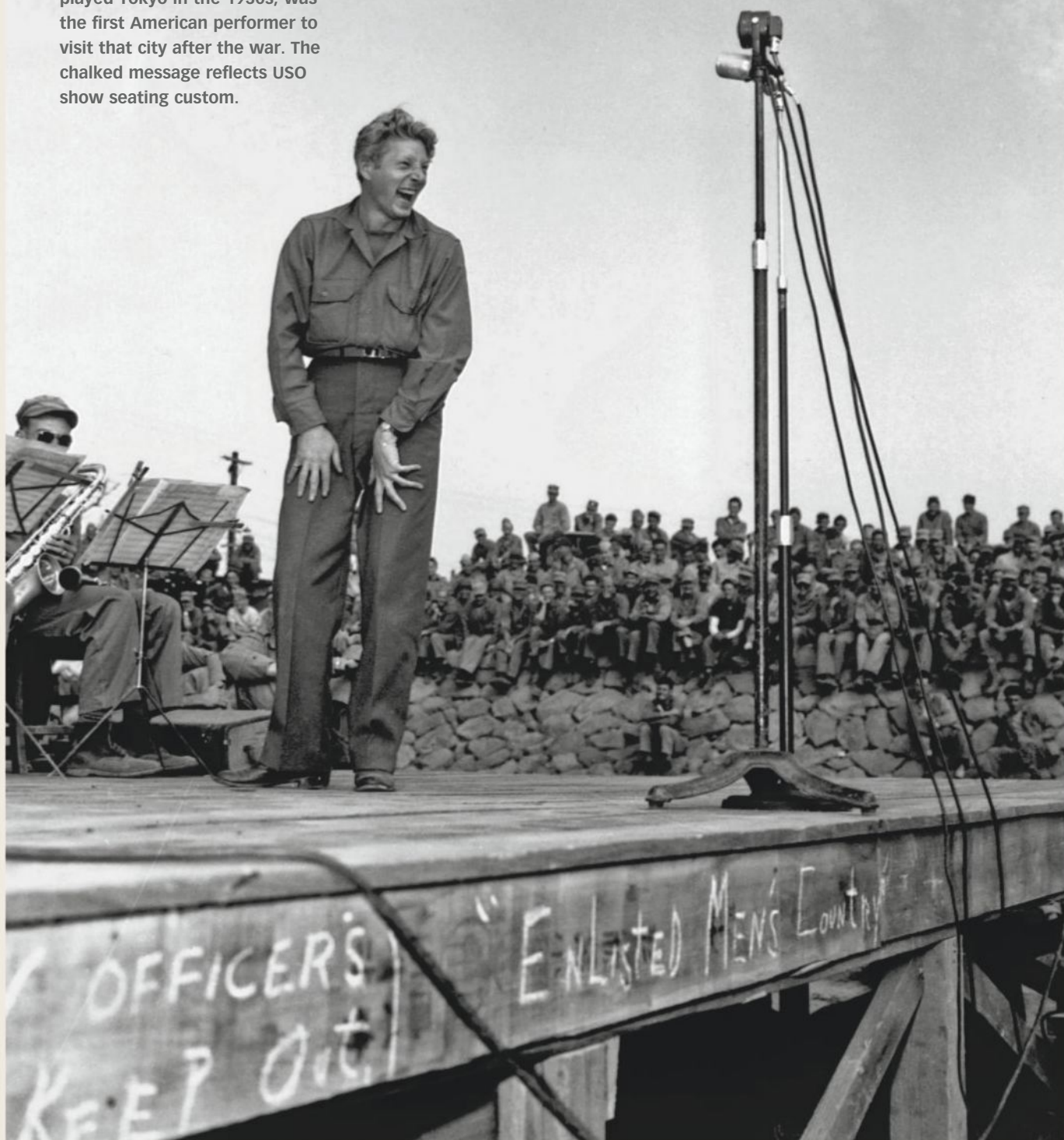
► **DEMI-DEMURE** in a high-necked form-fitting gown run up just for a USO tour of Europe, German-born vamp Marlene Dietrich checks at Third Army headquarters somewhere in France to see what the boys and the girl in the back room are having. In North Africa Dietrich entertained nearly 150,000 troops in nine weeks.

► **DER BINGLE CROONS** in olive drab from his usual stage on a 1944 European tour: a truck. "White Christmas," Crosby's most-requested tune, often had rifle-toting fans in tears. He did one show lit only by flashlights.



▼ **SAVORING PEACE**, comic

Danny Kaye cuts up for the 5th Marines at Sasebo, Japan, on October 25, 1945. Kaye, who played Tokyo in the 1930s, was the first American performer to visit that city after the war. The chalked message reflects USO show seating custom.



Profiles in Cold Steel

In making tanks, countries revealed their national

By Jonathan Parshall

TOTAL TANK PRODUCTION 1940-1945



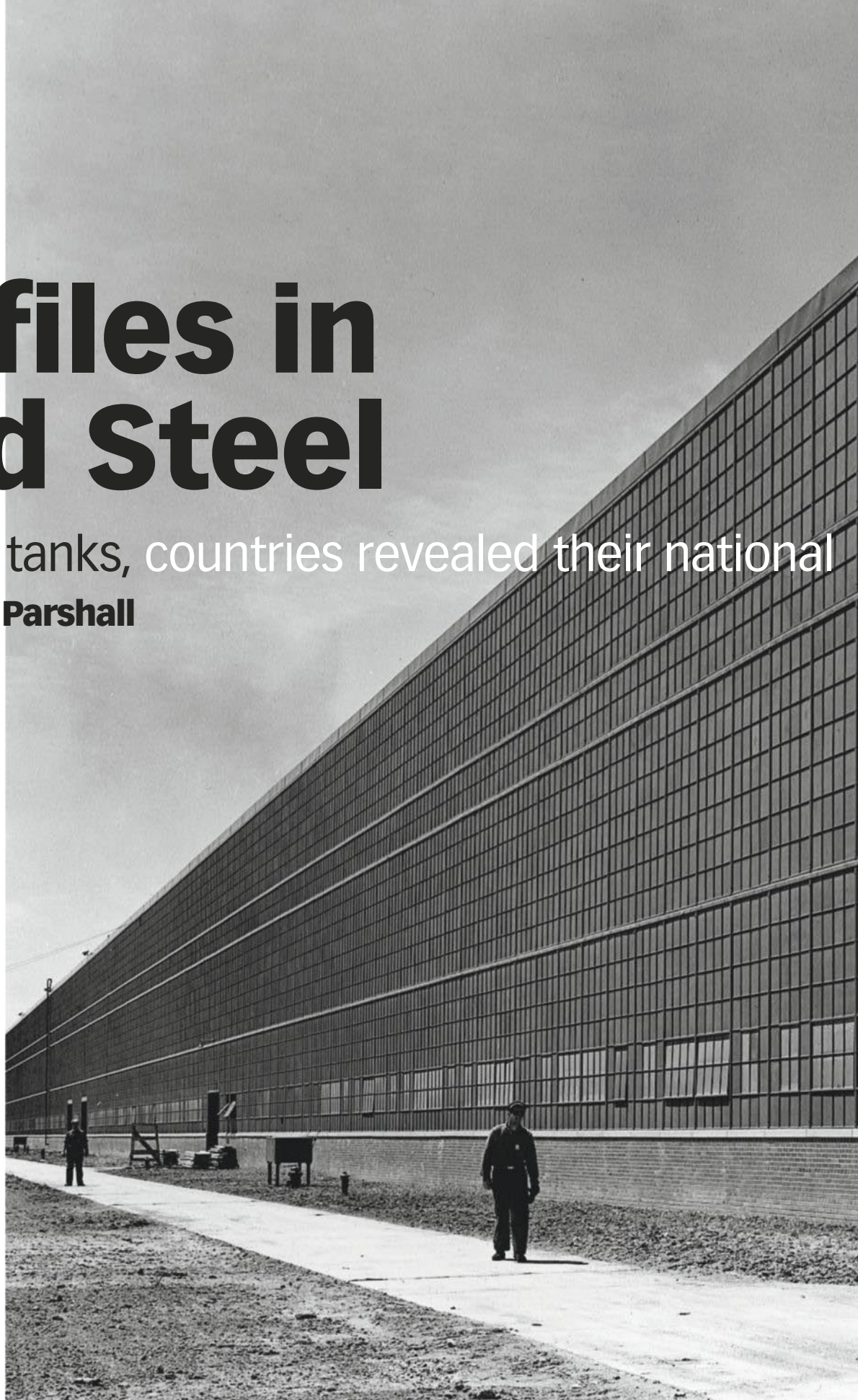
91,197



98,600



46,403





personalities—and sealed their fates

The first M3 Grant medium tank rolls out of the newly built Detroit Arsenal Tank Plant, April 12, 1941.

ELUSIVE INSIGHTS ON FACTORY FLOORS

TANKS HAVE LONG BEEN A FAVORITE topic of World War II history—the “gateway drug” for many lifelong students of the war. The merits of the T-34, Panther, and Sherman still elicit impassioned debates—and probably will until the end of time. How tanks actually got built, however, has never stirred much passion. That’s a pity, as tank production is a revealing window for peering into the very structures that powered World War II.

The Second World War was a clash between systems. And not just competing ideological systems—Western democracy vs. Axis totalitarianism and imperialism, for instance—but a host of other systems as well. In the field, systems of doctrine, training, and military intelligence affected the outcome of battles as much as weapons and manpower did. The apparatus of the state maintained the all-important systems of national mobilization, logistics, finance, and research and development. And underlying many of those systems, of course, was an enormous battle of the factories.

Understanding a major combatant’s approach to manufacturing tanks sheds light on how that nation manufactured other military hardware—artillery, trucks, aircraft, and even, to a certain extent, warships. During World War II, the three largest tank producers—the United States, the Soviet Union, and Nazi Germany—each assembled armor in an emblematic national style. Those styles led to crucial advantages—or disadvantages—throughout the war, especially during 1942–1943, when the outcome very much hung in the balance.

First, a quick trip through the production statistics. Despite the effectiveness of the Nazi blitzkrieg as the war was beginning, nobody—not even the Germans—had giant fleets of tanks in 1939–1941. It only felt that way. Early-war production of armored fighting vehicles (AFVs)—that is, any fully tracked vehicle carrying a gun of some sort: a tank, tank destroyer, or self-propelled gun—was quite modest. In 1940–1941, no combatant was cranking out more than about a thousand tanks annually. (See “Year-by-Year Tank Output,” page 46.)

Everything changed in 1942, as the United States entered the war, and both America and Russia got serious about tank production. That year, each built more than 24,000 AFVs, dwarfing the Reich’s 6,000. Incredibly, the Germans didn’t push the panic button until the end of 1942. But by then it was too late to catch up. Despite impressive production in 1944, Germany never achieved the productivity of the United States or the

Soviet Union. Measured by cumulative tank production for 1939 to 1945, manufacturers fell into three distinct tiers: the United States and the Soviet Union at the top, each producing about 90,000 to 100,000 vehicles; Germany and Great Britain in the middle, with 36,000 to 46,000 apiece; and also-rans Italy and Japan, with 4,000 to 5,000.

Building a tank requires four major inputs: money, labor, steel, and energy. In terms of money, the United States had an enormous advantage over everyone else. The world’s foremost economy, America had a large, highly productive population. It was a major coal producer whose workers milled more steel than the rest of the world combined. There was no question that when the United States geared up, it would be able to produce tanks in profusion. More intriguing is the contrast between the other two major tank builders. During the vital 1942–1943 period, Germany trumped the Soviet Union in gross domestic product and steel and coal production. (See “Steel Production, 1943” and “Coal Production, 1943,” page 46.) So how did the Soviet Union out-produce Germany by four to one in AFVs in 1942? And why did Germany perform so badly compared with the United States and the Soviet Union? The answers are found in the three nations’ manufacturing styles.

THE AMERICAN WAY WITH ARMOR

GIVEN ITS RAW ECONOMIC POWER, no one doubted the United States would become a major tank producer at some point in the war. The question was when. As with much of America’s early war effort, in which the nation’s needs for armaments vastly outstripped its ability to produce them, the problem at the start of 1942 was that the United States possessed only the rudiments of a true tank industry. America had, in fact, only completed its first purpose-built tank factory in mid-1941. This factory, though—the Detroit Arsenal Tank Plant, in rural Warren, Michigan, about 11 miles north of Detroit—would provide the core of an impromptu industry that by the end of 1942 had transformed the United States into the world’s largest AFV producer.

The United States had started from a point well behind the curve. Until May 1940, isolationist sentiment in America had crippled defense spending. Then France fell, and the terrifying specter of German armored power pushed the U.S. Army and Congress into getting serious about tank production, and the

M4 SHERMAN:
the perfect
expression
of Detroit's mass-
manufacturing
prowess.



T-34: cheap and
disposable—
ideal for the
brutal, high-
intensity war the
Soviets found
themselves in.



**COST PER
TANK (1943)**



\$33,500



\$50,000*



\$320,000

*estimate

TIGER I: a
formidable
German design,
but difficult to
manufacture.

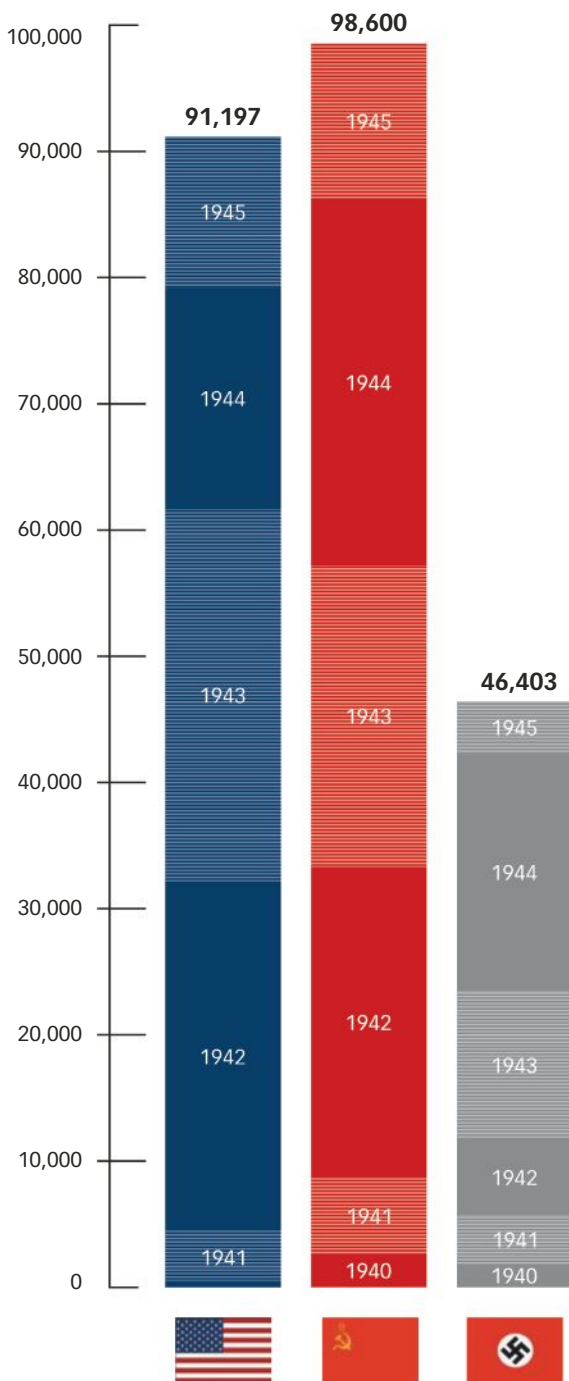


Tank Manufacturing by the Numbers

Of the war's three largest tank makers, economic power was only part of the picture

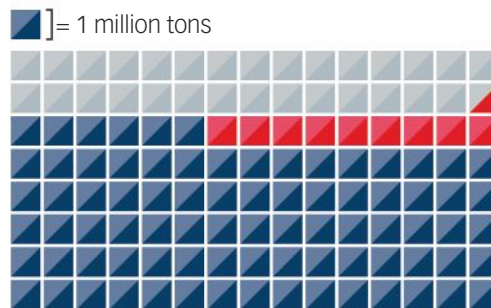
Year-by-Year Tank Output

Unsurprisingly, the U.S. excelled at producing tanks; more intriguing is the contrast between Russia and Germany.



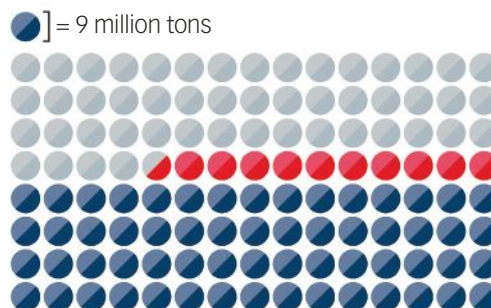
Steel Production, 1943

Tanks require steel, yet the top tank producer, the U.S.S.R., ranked last among the three.



Coal Production, 1943

The Soviets were also far behind at mining coal, upon which steel production depends.



Planned Obsolescence

The Soviets calculated to the hour how long a tank would last in combat, and designed and built vehicles to survive just long enough.

Tank lifespan on Eastern Front 6 months

Tank lifespan once in battle 14 hours



spigots finally opened. Seeking a state-of-the-art testbed for armor production, the government turned to Chrysler, known for having the auto industry's finest engineers. To design the new factory, Chrysler turned to the world's foremost industrial architect—Albert Kahn. Kahn was the go-to guy when big new factories were needed fast: he and his firm had already designed scores of cutting-edge production facilities in the United States and even the Soviet Union. Kahn did not disappoint. Construction on the Detroit Arsenal began in September 1940; by January 1941, the building was vast enough and complete enough to contain a steam-powered locomotive driven in to serve as a boiler and heat the place. And by July 1941, the factory was turning out M3 Grant medium tanks. America was in the tank business.

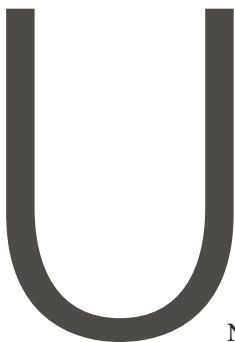
One factory, though—no matter how modern—wasn't enough to win a global conflict. As global tensions escalated in late 1941, the United States looked to another industrial sector with large assembly halls, overhead cranes, and expertise in working with heavy castings: its railroad equipment manufacturers. ALCO, Baldwin, Lima, Pressed Steel, and others quickly won contracts for tank production. Once the U.S. went to war, Ford and GM likewise began the laborious process of shifting their automotive factories to AFV production.

American production engineers were the world's finest, and played to their strengths. One of those strengths was money: Americans could afford to throw mountains of cash at their production problems. They invested heavily in hard tooling—expensive custom jigs, molds, and dies. These purpose-built fittings made standard lathes and presses much more efficient by increasing accuracy and repeatability. While hard-tooling reduced manufacturing flexibility—introducing a new part also meant creating a corresponding custom-built hard tool—the approach promised much higher output.

The Detroit Arsenal, also known as the Chrysler Arsenal, embodied this know-how. The Arsenal produced tanks on three parallel automotive-style assembly lines organized in large, spacious, and well-ordered halls. And it had acres of machine tools, some 8,000 in all—enough to support not only the Arsenal, but other tank plants.

This improvised American tank industry, centered across the industrial heartland of the upper Midwest, sprang up almost overnight. It proved to be fantastically productive. American factories manufactured 27,784 AFVs in 1942. Once fully ramped up, they produced another 29,497 in 1943. In fact, by 1944 the United States could deliberately cut back on tank production, having enough vehicles to supply its needs and those of its substantial Lend-Lease shipments to the Soviet Union and Great Britain. The railroad companies (Pressed Steel aside) were moved to other tasks, and tank production centered on Detroit, with Fisher and Cadillac working alongside the Arsenal. The Arsenal itself produced more than 22,000 tanks during the war—nearly a quarter of the total American output.

The establishment of such a huge industry so quickly was a testament to American ingenuity and its unswerving belief in the mass production methods the nation had pioneered.



RUSSIA'S HARSH, UNBLINKING VISION

UNLIKE THE UNITED STATES, THE Soviet Union came into World War II with an extensive tank industry—one the Soviets had unashamedly based on American-style mass production. This made sense, since many Soviet factories had been designed and built by Americans during the 1920s and 30s, when the Communists, working to improve the Soviet industrial base, aspired to the American production model. Indeed, Albert Kahn himself had designed the tractor factory at Stalingrad. And the Soviets weren't just hiring American architects, but also American production engineers and tool manufacturers.

But by mid-1941, the German invasion had badly disrupted Soviet industry. During that disastrous summer, the invaders had captured, besieged, or threatened the Soviet Union's western industrial cities. In six months, the U.S.S.R. effectively lost 40 percent of its gross domestic product and population, and 60 percent of its coal and steel production. In the face of this disaster, Russia hurriedly rushed equipment and skilled workers from hundreds of factories onto trains and sent machines and men east to the Ural Mountains.

The Soviets relocated the salvaged equipment to four towns: Nizhny Tagil, Omsk, Sverdlovsk, and Chelyabinsk. Each possessed an existing railroad equipment or tractor factory; the arriving equipment expanded those facilities. As workers set up the machine tools again, sometimes in the naked elements until buildings could be constructed, existing plants at Gorky and Stalingrad "kept the lights on" through 1942, producing enough vehicles for the Red Army to continue fighting. By the time the Stalingrad factory finally fell to the Nazis in October 1942, the new Ural plants were going full tilt.

This massive industrial exodus left the Russian railroad system on the brink of collapse by 1942. Overtaxed track had gone without proper maintenance; rolling stock and engines needed repair or replacement. This led to an effort to minimize railway freight tonnage, which in turn powered an emphasis in Russian factories on centralization and vertical integration—meaning that the Russians concentrated more of the

entire process, from manufacture of subcomponents to final assembly, at individual factories. Doing so reduced efficiency, as even the largest factories couldn't achieve the economies of scale that, say, an engine provider like Germany's Maybach or the United States' Ford could. But it helped keep the Soviet Union's transportation network functioning.

The Ural facilities were huge: the largest in the world, in terms of manpower committed. The Chelyabinsk tractor works, for instance, was known simply as Tankograd: "Tank City." Tankograd could fabricate nearly everything needed to make an AFV except the gun. It cast steel and armor; produced the engine, transmission, and other components; and assembled the vehicle. It even produced ammunition. The number of workers at the new facility skyrocketed: from 21,000 in 1937 to 40,000 in 1942. By 1944, while Chrysler had 19,500 workers engaged in tank production at the Arsenal and subsidiary plants, Tankograd had 60,000 people under its roof, most of them women, teenagers, and old men. Working conditions were primitive: hot, smoky, cramped, and dimly lit. But Tankograd and the other Ural facilities poured out vehicles.

One principle the Russians adopted with a vengeance from the Americans was planned obsolescence. In a manufactured product, it makes no sense to have subcomponents that last longer than the product itself. The Soviets weren't dummies. They had carefully studied battlefield data and realized that the average lifespan of a tank on the Eastern Front was less than six months. In combat, tank lifespan was about 14 hours. These were disposable vehicles, with disposable human beings inside. This brutal insight clarified everything about vehicle design, leading the Soviets to embrace a methodology that might be called "The Zen of Shoddiness."

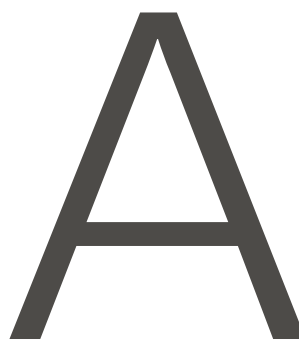
Viewed this way, there was no sense in building a tank engine or transmission good for more than 1,500 kilometers (932 miles); the tank would be dead by then. The Soviets realized they could machine those components to looser tolerances, using lower-quality metals. And they replaced machined parts with stamped metal components whenever possible. Paint jobs were lamentably bad; welds often crude—although the Soviets did experiment with innovative technologies. At Nizhny Tagil, welding tank hulls underwater hastened cooling and sped up the manufacturing process.

At the same time, the Soviets did everything possible to reduce cost. They standardized Soviet tanks and self-propelled guns on just three chassis: the KV-1 heavy, T-34 medium, and T-70 light. And they kept production runs long and design changes to a minimum, implementing a change only if it made a vehicle simpler or cheaper to manufacture. With the T-34 medium tank, for example, manufacturers simplified 770 parts and eliminated more than 5,600 from 1941 to 1943. During that period the tank's cost fell by half, from 269,000 rubles to 135,000. While everyone knows that time is money, the inverse is also true: less money meant less time on the line.

Components were machined more quickly. And as workers learned the intricacies of assembling the same vehicle over and over, assembly time went down, too. Taken together, the overall labor cost of the vehicle plummeted.

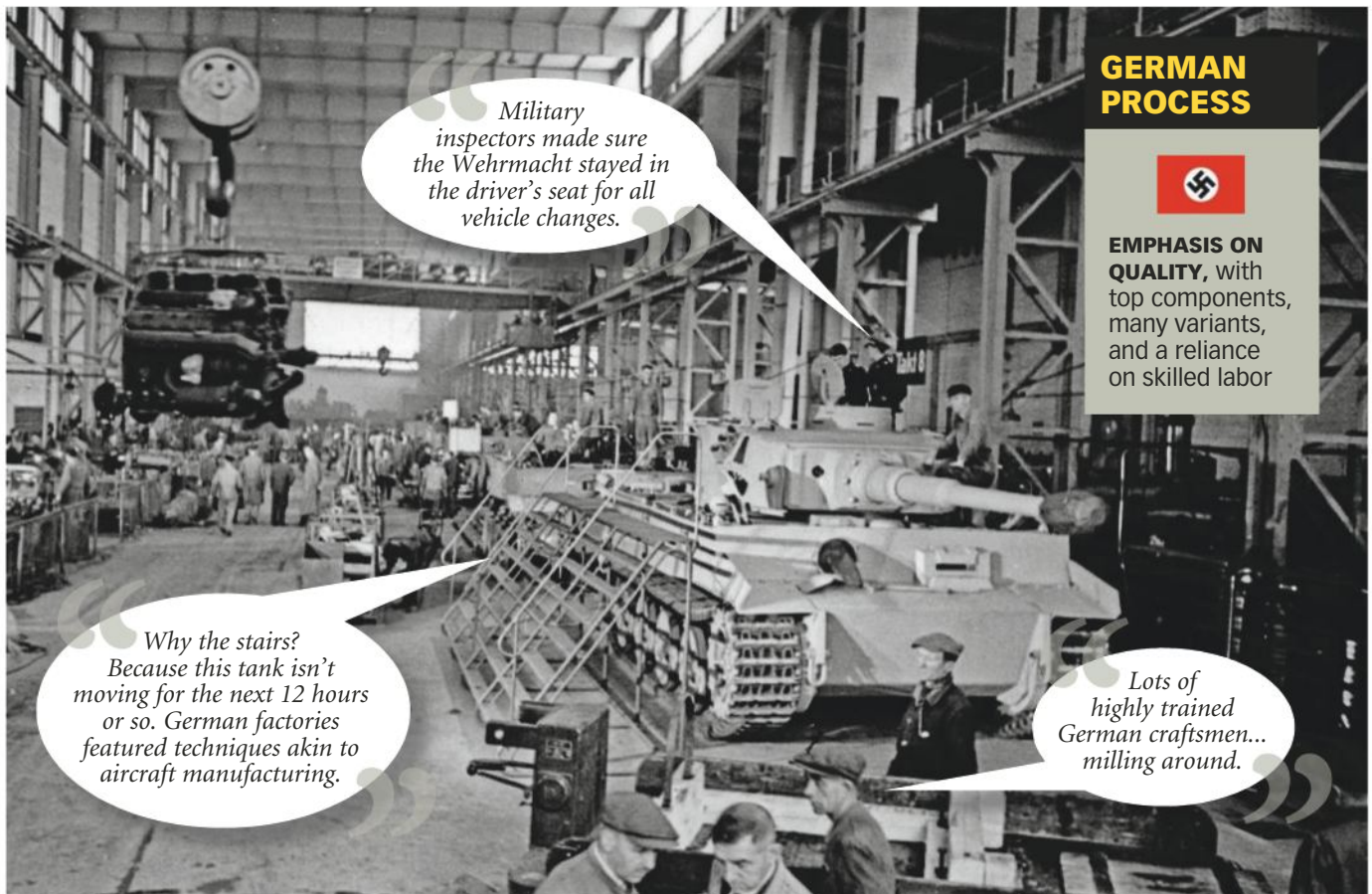
None of this should imply that Soviet tanks were poorly designed. Quite the opposite: the T-34 was a great tank. Its firepower, protection, and mobility surpassed any AFV the Germans fielded until the end of 1942. Cosmetics and comfort simply didn't concern the Soviets; natty paintjobs and ruler-straight welds didn't kill Germans; the T-34's 76mm gun did. That component of the vehicle worked very much as advertised. True, the tank's loader had to scramble around inside the hull, because the T-34 had no turret basket in which he could sit. In Russian tanks, the things that mattered worked well enough; the things that didn't were afterthoughts.

While it's easy to ridicule the simple, sometimes shoddy, weapons the Soviets cranked out, it's difficult to escape the conclusion that the philosophy underlying the Russian manufacturing approach was nothing less than brilliant. From an emasculated industrial base that left the Soviets under-producing Germans in coal and steel by a ratio of one to four, Soviet factories turned the tables, out-producing Germany nearly three to one in tanks during the vital 1942–1943 period. This monumental achievement was crucial to the war's outcome.



GERMANY'S TWO-EDGED SWORD

AND THEN THERE'S THE Reich. Industrial strength and skill should have made Germany a formidable tank manufacturer. But Germany's national manufacturing style held deep cultural preferences for production modes that ran counter to its interests in winning the war. German engineers viewed American-style mass production with disdain, associating it with cheap, poorly made consumer goods. In Germany, craftsmanship still reigned supreme, and German manufacturers expected industrial workers, having spent years in exacting apprenticeships, to be highly skilled. These cultural tendencies toward finickiness were fully embraced by the Wehrmacht as well. Indeed, when Germany resumed tank manufacturing in the 1930s, the Wehrmacht deliberately withheld contracts from firms that used hard-tooling or assembly lines, deeming those manufacturers "too inflexible to meet changing requirements."



GERMAN PROCESS



EMPHASIS ON QUALITY, with top components, many variants, and a reliance on skilled labor

Military inspectors made sure the Wehrmacht stayed in the driver's seat for all vehicle changes.

*Why the stairs?
Because this tank isn't moving for the next 12 hours or so. German factories featured techniques akin to aircraft manufacturing.*

Lots of highly trained German craftsmen... milling around.



RUSSIAN PROCESS

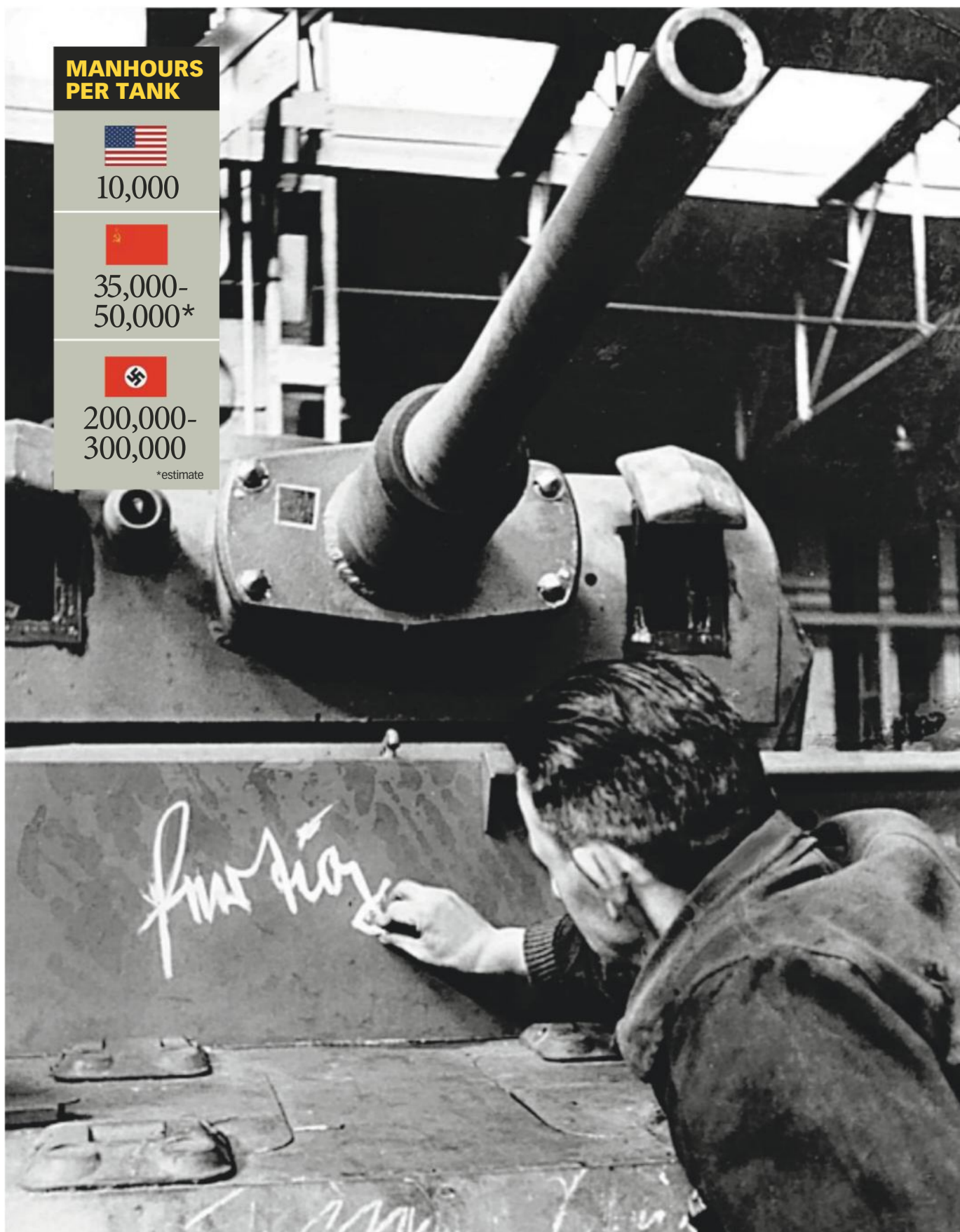


QUANTITY-DRIVEN, using cheap parts, few models, and unskilled or semi-skilled labor

How's this for a non-OSHA-compliant work environment? Russian factories were dirty and dangerous.

Fast and sloppy assembly, with tools and parts strewn on the side of the tank.

Tanks as far as the eye can see—Detroit-style automotive production in the Urals.



A worker scrawls “fertig”—finished—on a Panzer III; the need to label a completed tank points to flaws in Germany’s system.

Requirements tended to change because the Wehrmacht firmly controlled weapons specifications, and did not hesitate to alter them to capitalize on engineering innovations that might improve combat performance. Not only in tanks but in all its weapons, the Wehrmacht indulged in a constant quest for technological advantage. In many cases, though, this emphasis on pricey, elaborate, and evolving design led to a reduction in production. Put simply, when design engineering went up against production engineering in Germany, design engineering usually won.

Likewise, the Wehrmacht had a predilection for too many models, and for having too many under production at once. It produced the Panzer III in no less than 14 models, with the largest run being only 1,067 units, built by six different plants. The Panzer III's assault gun variant, the StuG III, came in eight models; there were 10 of the Panzer IV and nine of its self-propelled gun version—all produced in comparatively small quantities.

Consider, then, the case of the most famous German AFV of all: the Tiger. This heavy tank was assembled at a single facility, the Henschel & Son works in Kassel, Germany. On paper, the Kassel plant could turn out 240 to 360 Tigers per month. Yet the plant's highest monthly production goal was only 95 units, and it never produced more than 104 in one month during the Tiger's 25-month, 1,347-unit run. For most of that time, the Kassel facility produced an average of 60 to 80 units per month. What was going on?

In a nutshell, the Tiger was an engineering marvel, but an assembly nightmare. For one thing, the Wehrmacht made more than 250 engineering changes to the vehicle's design during its run. Think about what that meant: On average, a Tiger rolling out of the factory likely differed from a tank on the line just six units behind. That left the Kassel facility coping with two or three design changes every week. Many were "improvements" tangential to the vehicle's success in combat: reshaped turret traverse levers, mounting points for canvas screens to camouflage the tank as a large truck, waterproof coverings for the commander's cupola, and on and on. And Kassel didn't manage most changes in "blocks" or "flights," but in a constant stream of onesie-twosie modifications. For all intents and purposes, each Tiger was a handcrafted vehicle.

Other issues plagued Tiger production. The highly complex assembly process used a methodology more akin to aircraft manufacture than vehicle assembly. Rather than moving along an assembly line, the product remained in one location for assorted manufacturing operations, then was moved to another. The process downplayed hard-tooling: the Kassel plant had only about 1,000 machine tools. In contrast, the Detroit Arsenal had 8,000; Tankograd, 6,000-plus. Substantial rework on the line further slowed production. The net result was that the average Tiger took 200,000 to 300,000 man-hours to build, as opposed to 10,000 for the average Sherman.

Likewise—while currency comparisons must be taken with a very large grain of salt—a Tiger appears to have cost around \$320,000, in contrast to the contract price of \$33,500 for a Chrysler-built Sherman.

The problem was, of course, that German armored vehicles faced the same brutal realities of combat as everyone else's. The Wehrmacht expended tanks in battle at high rates—not as high as the Soviets, but the tanks died all the same. German tanks simply were not cost-effective. Yet instead of accommodating this truth, the Wehrmacht insisted on building handcrafted tanks until about 1944. Even when vehicle size and complexity pushed Germany into partial mass production by 1944, it never fielded enough tanks.

FUNCTION, FORM, AND THE FATE OF NATIONS

TAKEN ALTOGETHER, IT'S CLEAR THE Americans held a winning hand, but they also played it adroitly. They brought superior product engineering to bear, rapidly converted railroad equipment and auto companies, and spent rivers of money on hard-tooling. Starting from essentially nothing at the beginning of 1941, the United States built the world's largest tank industry by the end of 1942. Even factoring in their advantages, this was a tremendous achievement.

The Soviets accomplished something more astounding. They reacted to 1941's horrific economic body blows by making a realistic, if hard-hearted, appraisal of the war they were fighting, then produced rough but well-engineered vehicles to match. Had the Russians emphasized quality over quantity, they unquestionably would have lost the war. Instead, the Soviets leveraged limited resources with a laser-like focus on reducing production costs while maximizing output. As a result, a plethora of armored vehicles poured forth from the factories in the Urals.

The Germans' production style did not get real until too late in the game. A national bias against mass manufacturing certainly played a role. But the Germans also failed to comprehend that the entry of the Soviet Union and the United States into the war had changed its very nature. One on one, vehicles like the Tiger could dominate any Allied opponent. But in the context of combat along multiple huge fronts, the Germans' decision to produce a relative handful of high-cost *Wunderpanzers* was pure folly. ★

Forty Millimeters of Fury

Sweden's Bofors 40mm Antiaircraft Gun

A neutral nation's creation was one of the war's most popular cudgels: everyone had a Bofors. The Karlskoga-based armorer began tinkering in the 1920s with a British Vickers design, adding remote control and a self-loader loosing 100 two-pound rounds per minute in four-shell clips. Projectiles flew 3,000 feet per second, with a 12,500-foot range. The Netherlands, Belgium, Finland, China, Poland, and others bought; the Bofors became a pillar of British air defense. Germany got Bofors guns in Poland; Japan snagged them in Singapore. In the United States, Chrysler built 60,000 water-cooled single, twin, and quad models, mostly for ships. Where the Swedes essentially had made the gun by hand, taking 450 hours each, mass production cut manufacturing time in half.

Open Sights, Closed Case

A set of sights helped gunners aim: a left-side crank controlled the barrel's elevation, the right moved it side to side. Later, men directed fire by entering data on elevation, range, and azimuth into a primitive computer. Crews in combat often preferred the analog method.

Simplify, Simplify

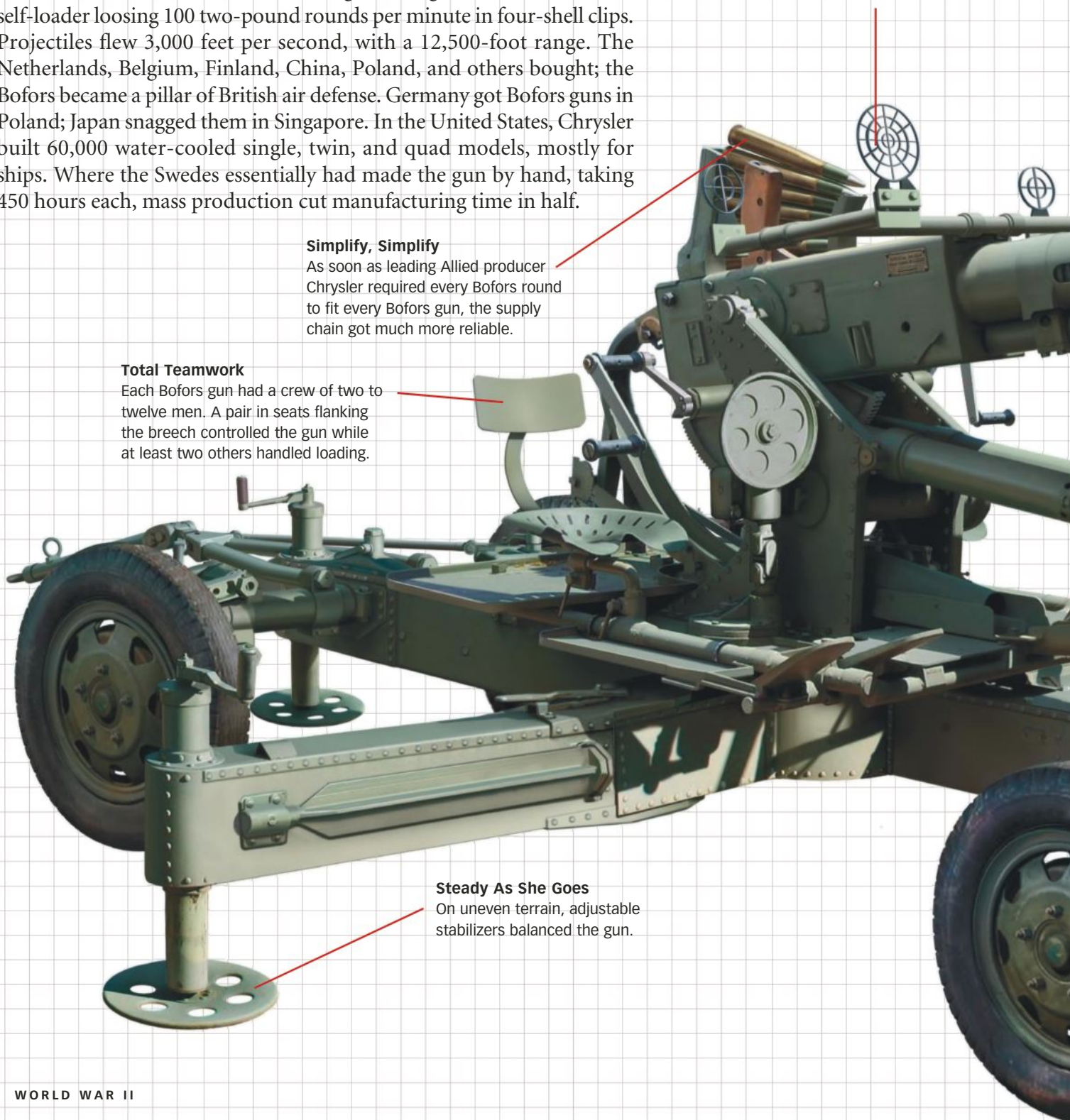
As soon as leading Allied producer Chrysler required every Bofors round to fit every Bofors gun, the supply chain got much more reliable.

Total Teamwork

Each Bofors gun had a crew of two to twelve men. A pair in seats flanking the breech controlled the gun while at least two others handled loading.

Steady As She Goes

On uneven terrain, adjustable stabilizers balanced the gun.

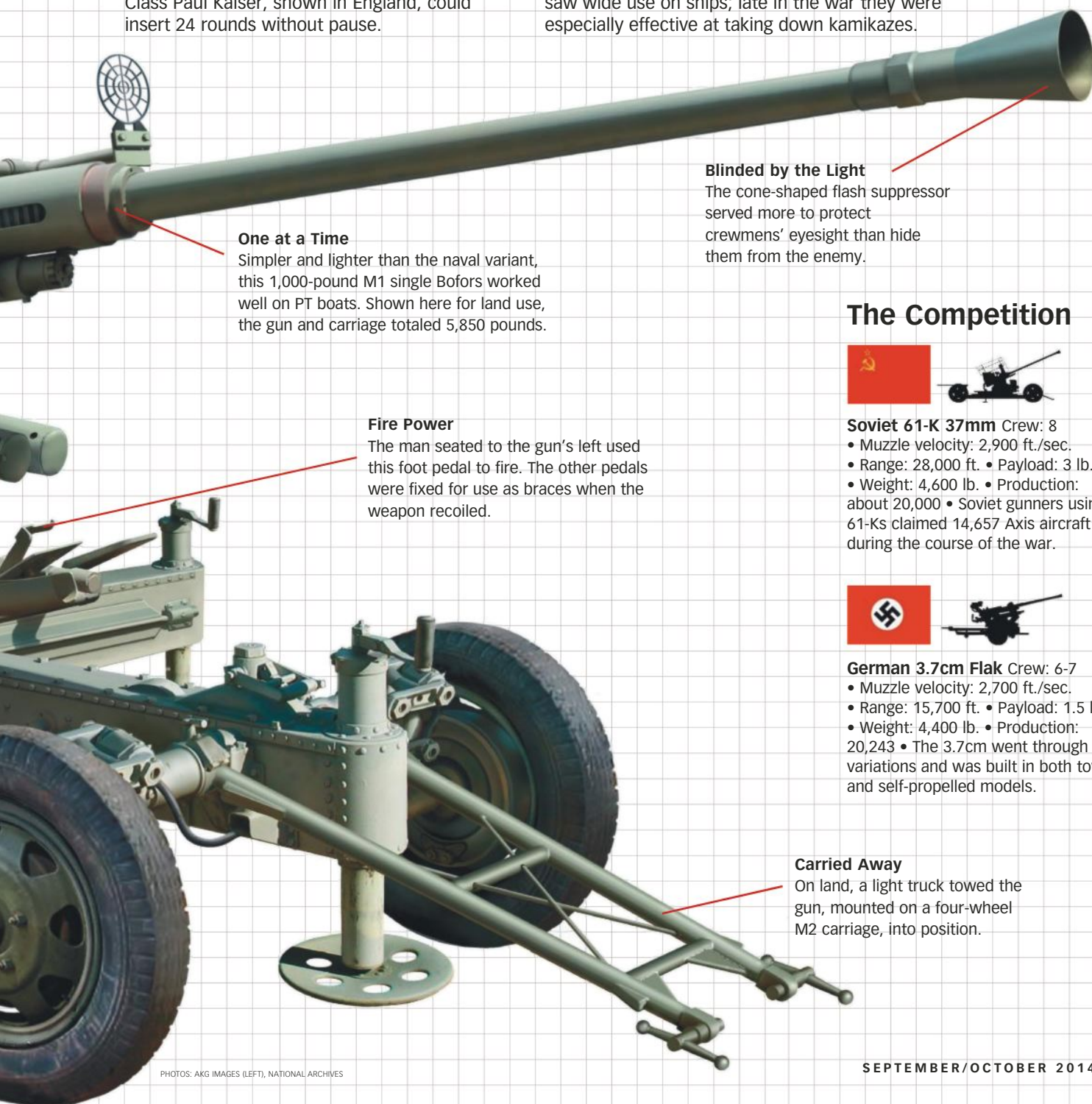




A skilled loader, such as Private First Class Paul Kaiser, shown in England, could insert 24 rounds without pause.



Twin Bofors fire aboard the USS *Hornet*. The guns saw wide use on ships; late in the war they were especially effective at taking down kamikazes.



One at a Time

Simpler and lighter than the naval variant, this 1,000-pound M1 single Bofors worked well on PT boats. Shown here for land use, the gun and carriage totaled 5,850 pounds.

Blinded by the Light

The cone-shaped flash suppressor served more to protect crewmen's eyesight than hide them from the enemy.

Fire Power

The man seated to the gun's left used this foot pedal to fire. The other pedals were fixed for use as braces when the weapon recoiled.

The Competition



Soviet 61-K 37mm Crew: 8

- Muzzle velocity: 2,900 ft./sec.
- Range: 28,000 ft. • Payload: 3 lb.
- Weight: 4,600 lb. • Production: about 20,000 • Soviet gunners using 61-Ks claimed 14,657 Axis aircraft during the course of the war.



German 3.7cm Flak Crew: 6-7

- Muzzle velocity: 2,700 ft./sec.
- Range: 15,700 ft. • Payload: 1.5 lb.
- Weight: 4,400 lb. • Production: 20,243 • The 3.7cm went through four variations and was built in both towed and self-propelled models.

Carried Away

On land, a light truck towed the gun, mounted on a four-wheel M2 carriage, into position.

German troops in 1940
mass outside Paris's
Hotel Continental; four
years later, German
officers captured in a
briefly successful coup
were corralled inside.





INVISIBLE COUP

By Randall Hansen

Though a notorious scheme to kill Hitler failed, the plot had stunning—if brief—success in Paris



Paris was stuffy that day in late July 1944.

Overhead, thunder cracked. Colonel Eberhard Finckh, deputy chief of General Staff West, was in his office near the Place de la Concorde and the Champs-Élysées. His telephone had been ringing all morning, every caller demanding: “Send more munitions, more parts, more ammunition, more gasoline. Immediately!” Wearily, he picked up the handset again. “This is Finckh,” he said in his strong Swabian accent. After a pause, a voice said one word: “Übung”—“exercise”—and the line went dead. Finckh laid down the handset, opened

his safe, and retrieved the plans for seizing Paris. He called Luftwaffe Lieutenant Colonel Cäsar von Hofacker. “Is everything ready for the exercise?” Finckh asked.

“Of course,” Hofacker replied.

Finckh signed off and waited. The action was taking place five days later than planned, but it was on. Around 2 p.m., the phone rang again. “It’s done,” this caller said. “It’s done.”

“It” was the implementation of a plot by German military officers to blow Adolf Hitler to pieces and overthrow the Nazi regime. The plotters named their action “Operation Valkyrie” after the mythical figures who determined which warriors would live, which would die, and which would be brought to Valhalla. When the bomb that Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg planted at Hitler’s eastern headquarters, the Wolf’s Lair, exploded at 12:45 p.m. on July 20, 1944, the blast triggered coordinated moves by like-minded Germans against the Nazi establishment in Berlin and in Paris.

The anchors of the Paris putsch were military governor of France Lieutenant General Carl-Heinrich von Stülpnagel and the Luftwaffe man Hofacker, Stülpnagel’s subordinate and a cousin of plotter Claus von Stauffenberg.

Like many in the resistance, Hofacker had emerged from World War I a nationalist. He had passed through a period of bitter anti-democratic and anti-Semitic sentiment, and welcomed Hitler’s arrival. However, the brutal exploitation of occupied France had transformed Hofacker into a resister, though one markedly different from his superior and ally. Stülpnagel was an introspective intellectual; Hofacker a realist and man of action. Just the day before, he had told Stülpnagel and others that their coup had only a 10 percent chance of success but if they wanted to end the slaughter, they had no choice but to pursue the action.

Stülpnagel and Hofacker had many sympathizers, including Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, leader of Army Group B. But

when an Allied aerial attack on Rommel’s car three days earlier left him incapacitated, Field Marshal Günther von Kluge, commander of all German forces in the west, took over Army Group B. And Kluge was on the fence about the coup.

Finckh slowly hung up. He got in his car and drove past the lush parkland of the Bois de Boulogne, across Neuilly, past Fort Mont-Valérien, then along the Seine to Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where a street lined with villas and patrolled by troops housed the General Staff West. At one of the villas Finckh reported to Lieutenant General Günther Blumentritt, a large and jovial Bavarian who had helped plan the Polish and French occupations and had taken part in Operation Barbarossa. Finckh told Blumentritt what was going on, disingenuously claiming the information came from Stülpnagel.

Blumentritt phoned Kluge at Army Group B headquarters at La Roche-Guyon, 45 miles northwest of Paris. Kluge’s chief of staff, Major General Hans Speidel, a Rommel intimate and the man who had facilitated Rommel’s connections to the coup, answered. Speaking in vague whispers, Blumentritt tried to alert Speidel, but Speidel either did not understand or was feigning incomprehension. Blumentritt ended the conversation and headed to the front to look for Kluge.

At 4 p.m. a phone rang at the Hotel Majestic in Paris, where Stülpnagel’s staff worked. Hofacker reached to answer. His cousin Claus was on the line. “Hitler is dead,” Stauffenberg said. Hofacker said goodbye and summoned a civilian friend and administrative advisor, Friedrich von Teuchert. “Hitler is dead,” Hofacker, bright-eyed, told Teuchert. “Maybe Himmler and Göring too. The explosion was massive. The putsch is under way; the government quarter in Berlin is being occupied as we speak.” Teuchert ran to give the news to Walter Bargatzky, a lawyer and administrator at the Majestic. Bargatzky already had heard, and the two threw their arms around each other. Their joy was short-lived, however; when they turned on the radio they heard that Hitler was injured but alive. Hofacker, Stülpnagel, and Stülpnagel’s chief of staff, Colonel Hans Otfried von Linstow, who was set to help implement the Paris uprising, heard the same news. They agreed to proceed with the action

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THE PLAYERS AND THEIR POSITIONS



SD OFFICES
84 Avenue
Foch



HEAD OF THE SD
Dr. Helmut
Knochen



**STÜLPNAGEL
RESIDENCE**
Hotel Raphael
17 Avenue
Kléber



**LIEUTENANT
GENERAL**
Carl-Heinrich
von Stülpnagel



**LIEUTENANT
GENERAL**
Günther
Blumentritt



WEHRMACHT HQ
Hotel Majestic
19 Avenue
Kléber



LUFTWAFFE
LIEUTENANT
Colonel Cäsar
von Hofacker



SS OFFICES
57 Boulevard
Lannes



**HEAD OF THE SS
AND SECURITY
POLICE**
Carl Oberg



**DEPUTY CHIEF
OF GENERAL
STAFF WEST**
Colonel
Eberhard Finckh

anyway, in hopes that they would be able to convince Kluge to surrender on the Western Front.

Stülpnagel told his orderly to summon his other officers, all of whom were with him on this crusade: Major General Eugen Oberhäußer, Stülpnagel's communications chief; Dr. Elmar Michel, head of economic affairs; and Major General Hans von Boineburg-Lengsfeld, commander of Paris. As each arrived Stülpnagel gave him the code word. Everything was ready.

Finally Stülpnagel's orderly asked, "What's going on here?"

What was going on was nothing less than the resisters' total occupation of Paris. Stülpnagel ordered all communications except his own with Berlin blocked. He then gave his most important order to Boineburg and handed him a fresh map.

Boineburg had his orderly, Second Lieutenant Dankwart von Arnim, summon Lieutenant Colonel Kurt von Kraewel, the boisterous commander of the 1st Regiment of Boineburg's 325th Security Division. But Kraewel was nowhere to be found; he had donned civilian clothing and informed his

driver he would call for a pickup. When Arnim reported this to Boineburg, the general choked. Arnim then fetched Kraewel's adjutant, who had no idea where his commander was either. Boineburg ordered the adjutant to alert the regiment, prepare barricades, and distribute ammunition.

Two hours later, Kraewel reappeared, in uniform. In a tense meeting he saw Stülpnagel and received new orders. At 8 p.m., Kraewel and the regiment prepared to march. Accompanied by Boineburg and Arnim, they moved through lengthening shadows toward the grand Avenue Foch, residential and professional home in Paris of the SS and its intelligence arm, the SD.

AVENUE FOCH IS ONE of Paris's widest, most exclusive streets, its posh houses made more private by parkland along access lanes that parallel the thoroughfare. Dr. Helmut Knochen, head of the SD, had his

headquarters at No. 84; SD officers occupied Nos. 82 and 86. (See "Occupying Paris," July/August 2014.) The avenue has a roundabout at either end. The southwest circle, adjoining the Bois de Boulogne, connects to the Boulevard Lannes, where Carl Oberg, Knochen's boss and head of the SS and security police in France, had his offices at No. 57. Elsewhere on the boulevard, the SD billeted recruits. Along the rough L of the two thoroughfares clustered the core of Nazi terror in Paris: the Gestapo, the SD, and the SD's feared police force. That night German soldiers would envelop them all.

At 9:30 p.m., a line of trucks transporting Kraewel's 1st Regiment crept up Avenue Foch, where SS guards dozed at several doors. As Kraewel's soldiers spread along the avenue, taking cover behind the park's thick bushes and trees, shock troops commanded by Brigadier General Walther Brehmer advanced through the Bois de Boulogne. Boineburg was

Hours after narrowly escaping a powerful bomb, Hitler assures the world he is alive in a broadcast from the Wolf's Lair.



In only a few hours, plotters had neutralized the Nazi military and political machinery of Paris. The world's most famous city was in the hands of the German resistance.



among them. At the Gestapo billets, lights were on, the imposing buildings quiet, a few sentries pacing out front.

At 10:30, Brehmer gave the order. The operation unfolded with absolute precision. A whistle pierced the night. Cars and trucks moved into position along the street. Another whistle. Hundreds of men hit the street at once and rushed the buildings. Disoriented, the sentries laid down their weapons; as one attempted to salute, he let off an accidental but ultimately harmless burst from his machine gun. Ordered by Stülpnagel to shoot anyone who resisted, officers and shock troops burst into the Gestapo billets. They dashed up staircases, kicked open doors, and screamed, "Hands up!" The troops herded their prisoners into the courtyard and loaded them onto waiting trucks. One convoy set off for a prison at Fresnes, south of Paris. A second convoy rolled toward the old Fort de l'Est in Saint-Denis, north of the capital.

As his men went about their work, Brehmer, pistol drawn, moved toward No. 57 Boulevard Lannes. He wanted to arrest Oberg personally. He found the SS leader in shirtsleeves at his desk, on the phone. Oberg jumped up and demanded that Brehmer explain himself. The SS in Berlin had launched a putsch, Brehmer said; he was there to place Oberg under arrest. Aghast and confused, Oberg handed over his weapon.

Outside, Kraewel's units advanced along Avenue Foch. Rather than storm the three grand houses that held SD officers, Kraewel first seized the rooms of the officer on duty. On Kraewel's order, the SD commander summoned his men to his office. As they arrived, Kraewel disarmed them. Kraewel's troops flooded the building, arrested the remaining SD men, and locked down the three mansions.

The plotters had arrested the entire SS and SD contingents in Paris—some 1,200 men—without a shot being fired in anger. Only the senior SD officer, Dr. Knochen, remained at large. A junior officer explained that Knochen was out for the evening at a nightclub and offered to retrieve him.

When the underling arrived with his superior, Kraewel arrested Knochen, and the plotters corralled the SD chief with senior SS officers in the Hotel Continental. As midnight approached, men of the army's 1st Security Regiment sandbagged the courtyard at their headquarters, the École Militaire. That was where Oberg, Knochen, and key SS and SD officials were to be executed after summary courts martial. In only a few hours, the plotters had neutralized the Nazi military and

political machinery of Paris. The world's most famous city was in the hands of the German resistance.

WHEN BOINEBURG REACHED Stülpnagel's rooms on the fourth floor of the Hotel Raphael, the military governor was gone; he had been summoned along with Hofacker by Speidel to La Roche-Guyon in order to meet with Kluge. Colonel Linstow, Stülpnagel's chief of staff, was running things at the Raphael. Linstow had set up a makeshift office in a room with a billiard table. Officers, mostly older men, were streaming into an adjoining room, where alcohol flowed in a festive atmosphere. The men spoke of the war ending, of Nazism's demise, of returning home.

Next door, where the inner circle had gathered, the mood was entirely different. Stülpnagel and his closest associates felt a somber mix of emotions. They still hoped that their putsch would cascade into a German surrender along the western front and an Allied rush on Berlin.

At midnight, everyone went quiet. The Führer was to speak. As Goebbels's shrill voice crackled through the radio, Arnim saw Stülpnagel enter. The general said nothing; his meeting with Kluge had not gone well. Stülpnagel had appealed to Kluge, who oscillated between embracing and condemning the putsch. When a message arrived insisting Hitler was dead, Kluge spoke sternly about the "historic hour" and with Blumentritt discussed a ceasefire on the western front. Then Kluge received a telex sent by Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel from the Wolf's Lair. Keitel had been in the conference room when the bomb went off, had helped rescue Hitler, and was standing firm against the uprising. Kluge about-faced, muttering about "a bungled assassination attempt."

Stülpnagel, Hofacker, Boineburg, and Linstow moved toward the radio as Hitler spoke of a "small clique of ambitious, unconscionable, and criminally stupid officers." Stülpnagel stood expressionless, wringing his gloves behind his back. The only question for him now was who would go down with him.

STÜLPNAGEL'S FIRST MOVE was to bow to the inevitable by releasing the men who had been arrested. He ordered Boineburg to do so and to bring Carl Oberg to him. While Boineburg, feigning bonhomie, was approaching the SS leader, Boineburg's men were telling the prisoners at Saint-Denis and Fresnes they were free to go. Many, fearing

a murderous ruse, refused to leave their cells. When Oberg arrived at the Hotel Raphael there was, to put it mildly, a certain tension, which was broken unexpectedly by Otto Abetz, the German ambassador to France.

Francophile, looter of Jewish property, and co-organizer of the Final Solution in France, Abetz by July 1944 had turned against Hitler, and now he was trying to save Stülpnagel.

“Do you want to know why the General arrested you and the SD?” Abetz asked Oberg. “He thought [the coup in Berlin] had something to do with some ambitious scheme of Himmler’s and wanted to keep you out of it. You cannot accuse the general of having broken his oath of loyalty. He simply, and in good faith, did what he thought was his duty.”

Abetz appealed for unity, and all raised champagne glasses as Stülpnagel stared dumbfounded.

Blumentritt remained at La Roche-Guyon, not departing for Paris until well after midnight. He visited naval headquarters, shook hands, patted backs, and casually dismissed the whole affair. Admiral Theodor Krancke, commander of Naval Group West, was threatening to use his men to free the SS and SD prisoners. Blumentritt told the admiral he, Krancke, had been the “victim of a misunderstanding,” then visited Knochen, who, with vengeful satisfaction, told the general that Oberg was en route to the Majestic.

“I’m just going there,” Blumentritt replied in an inspired stroke. “Come with me.” Blumentritt and Knochen got into a car with an SS man. As they drove, Knochen turned to Blumentritt. “We must get our stories straight!” the SD man said. That was just what Blumentritt wanted to hear.

In time, Blumentritt and Knochen arrived at the Raphael where in room 405 they found the heads of the SS and the army. Stülpnagel, Oberg, Boineburg, Linstow, Finckh, and Abetz sat at the table. Other men stood in groups chatting. Everyone was well lubricated. The only one missing was Hofacker, who had slipped into an adjoining room to destroy documents.

Oberg unconsciously echoed Knochen: “We *must* get our stories straight.” The more that emerged about July 20, the more likely Oberg was to come under suspicion. In hushed tones, he and Blumentritt outlined an agreement to present a united front, particularly to SS chief Heinrich Himmler’s people. Blumentritt then urged both sides to put the matter behind them. Oberg and Knochen made clear they would be good sports. They may have been acting out of soldierly soli-

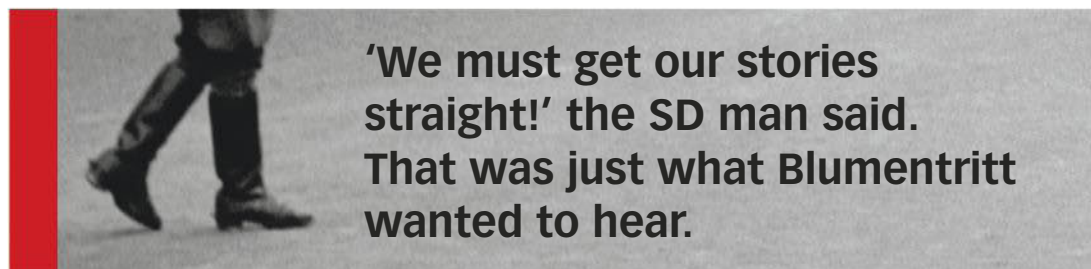
arity or a shared sense of vulnerability, but the coup also had made them look like complete asses. A single security regiment had arrested Hitler’s finest before they could fire a single shot. The SS and SD had as much of an interest as the army did in a cover-up. Over dinner, Blumentritt took Stülpnagel aside and gently informed him of Kluge’s order to “keep away from your headquarters for three or four days until things have cleared up a bit.” It was an invitation to flee.

PARIS’S OPERATION VALKYRIE could not, however, go unremarked upon, and both sides needed to get on the same page. Blumentritt had a document drawn up to

be read the next morning to troops in the capital. “The SS and army units in Greater Paris organized a surprise exercise with live ammunition,” the paper stated. “The exercise went well. I extend my thanks to all participants.” Below appeared the signatures of Oberg and Boineburg.

At 9 a.m. the next day, July 21, Stülpnagel received a summons to Berlin. He spurned the offer of an airplane, asking to be driven. The car, accompanied by troops, headed east past Verdun and the Meuse, where Stülpnagel had fought more than two decades before. Five miles north of Verdun, the general ordered his driver to stop, saying he needed a walk, and that the car should go on ahead. At the edge of the Meuse canal Stülpnagel knelt, put a pistol to his head, and pulled the trigger. The bullet severed the optic nerve behind his right eye and exited through his left eye. The soldiers accompanying him found him floating in the canal. Doctors revived him and sent him on to Berlin.

The Gestapo came for Linstow on July 24, for Hofacker the next day, and Finckh the day after. “What



‘We must get our stories straight!’ the SD man said. That was just what Blumentritt wanted to hear.

were you thinking? You have a wife and five children,” an interrogator barked at Hofacker. “What’s a wife and child to me?” Hofacker shot back, paraphrasing lines by the 19th century German poet Heinrich Heine. “This is about my Fatherland!”

National Socialist justice required that the army expel the plotters so the People’s Court could try them on criminal charges. This was done. Fanatic Nazi Roland Freisler, Hitler’s personal choice for a magistrate, presided over trials that began on August 7, 1944. The red-cloaked Freisler, arms flailing, face contorted with rage, screamed at the defendants, who conducted themselves with defiant dignity. When Freisler interrupted him, Hofacker snapped, “Be silent, Herr Freisler!

Today it is my head that is at stake. In a year it will be yours!”

Freisler pronounced a sentence of death by hanging for Finckh, Hofacker, Linstow, Stülpnagel, and many others; in all, 89 were executed at Plötzensee prison, the first wave of a spasm of Nazi vengeance that would take many more lives and stiffen resolve in the army against any temptation to negotiate with the Allies. However, thanks to Blumentritt’s phony memorandum about that “live-fire exercise,” the fortitude shown by the few resisters arrested and tortured, and the determination of the rest to close ranks, many Paris putschists outlived the Nazi regime to wonder whether one of the war’s great “what ifs” could have gone another way. ★



With most of Paris none the wiser, the startlingly effective coup came and went, and the German heel never lifted.



The noses of some Squadron 611 bombers—this one at Mindanao's Moret Field—wore "Jimmy Durante" radar pods.



As time was running out, *something* happened on Mindanao...but what?

The Curious Case of the Turncoat Navigator

By John M. Curatola

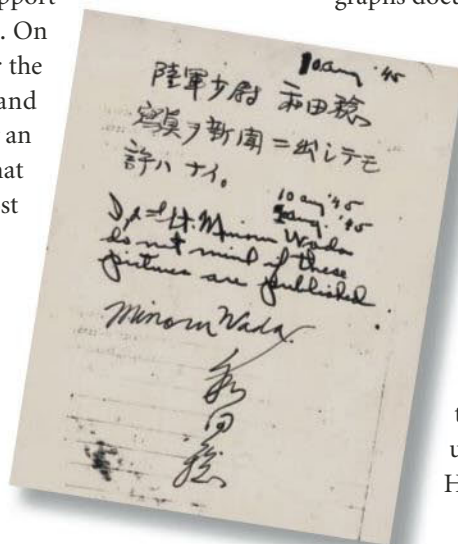
IN AUGUST 1945, despite their hopeless military situation, many Imperial Japanese Army units fought on. On the Philippine island of Mindanao, the 100th Division, commanded by General Jiro Harada, was holding out fiercely against Allied attacks. Pushed from the city of Davao, Harada's command had entrenched itself in thick tropical jungle. Opposing the 100th, the U.S. Eighth Army was trying to pry the Japanese troops from their jungle lair with support from the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing. On August 10, 1945, immediately after the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Marine pilots took off for an attack on the 100th Division in what may have been one of the war's most unusual missions.

Japanese officer Minoru Wada, opposite, shown aboard a Marine PBJ-1. At right, a release in which the prisoner consents to having his picture published.

Aboard the lead patrol bomber at a waist port and wearing a headset sat Imperial Army Second Lieutenant Minoru Wada. A former 100th Division staff officer, Wada knew the rugged terrain and the Japanese positions coming into the Marines' sights, and was flying into combat beside his former enemies. In Imperial Army uniform and fatigue hat, he helped identify targets for the Marine raiders. A remarkable series of photographs documents the episode.

Strange as this story is, however, it gets stranger when examined nearly 70 years later.

During the war, Allied troops captured few Japanese officers; most embraced the Bushido code Prime Minister Hideki Tojo invoked in a 1941 order calling for imperial military personnel of all ranks to die rather than accept the humiliation of surrender. Wada, married and a father, seems to have stood apart from fellow Japanese officers. Though he spoke little English, the story goes, Wada was an American, born at an unspecified date and location in the United States. He had come to Japan as a youth to attend school





At Moret Field, Wada points to a map as he and Marine raiders plan a strike against the Imperial Army's 100th Division.

and presumably return, which made him a *Kibei*—a person of Japanese descent born in America and returning home to the States, rather than a *Nisei*, born abroad to parents who had emigrated from Japan. After Wada attended the University of Tokyo and the Kyushu Military Academy, the Imperial Army conscripted him. He was assigned in early 1944 to the 100th Division. The division's men were hunkering on Mindanao, holding Davao on the island's larger eastern lobe before withdrawing to bunkers constructed in the jungle outside town.

The Allies landed in the Philippines in October 1944, but not until March 1945 did U.S. Army troops arrive on Mindanao's west coast to begin eliminating enemy resistance. Around Davao, where the 100th Division was positioned, American soldiers received air support from Marine Bombing Squadron 611. The squadron, stationed at Moret Field, Zamboanga, on Mindanao's southwest tip, flew the PBJ-1 patrol bomber, a naval version of the B-25 Mitchell. That spring and summer Marine aviators made more than 500 sorties in support of the army. By July 1945, American offensives had ground enemy forces on Mindanao to a nub. When not leafleting the Japanese

with encouragements to surrender, Marine pilots were raiding enemy troop concentrations, like the stubborn remnants of the 100th Division holding on outside Davao.

Wada's route into American custody is murky. A U.S. Army lieutenant colonel named L. F. Maybach turned the POW over to the Marines. William Flynn, identified as a Marine intelligence officer who had interrogated Wada, said later that he wasn't sure if the Japanese officer had been taken prisoner under duress or if he had allowed himself to be captured.

Regardless, Flynn claimed, the prisoner made his opinions of the war known. Wada is quoted as saying through a translator, "Generals and admirals, the tough old military, forced this war on the people [and that] the common Japanese person does not want war."

Flynn added that Wada told him he had never believed Japan should go to war and that "he would do anything, even sacrifice his own life,

to stop the war and bring ultimate peace to the people on the Japanese home islands." The dislocated lieutenant seemed content in captivity. A contemporaneous Marine periodical stated that Wada was happy with the food his captors provided and that he and his fellow POWs wouldn't try to escape, "even if the gates were open and unguarded."

When Wada wondered aloud what he might be able to do to end hostilities, a skeptical Flynn grilled him, trying to discern whether the Japanese officer was out of his head or attempting to lead Americans into a trap. Amid doubts about the POW's intent, some Marines apparently decided Wada was on the level and proposed that he help pinpoint positions of the 100th Division near Mount Talomo, where enemy soldiers were hiding on a trail amid steep hills and thick jungle. The prisoner at first balked at the request, then relented, agreeing to help plan an airstrike to accompany an infantry attack.

Official photos show Wada at Moret Field, incongruous among khaki-clad Americans in a uniform the other men had grown accustomed to shooting at. Wada stands before maps, delineating Japanese positions and describing potential targets as Gunnery Sergeant Charles T. Imai, a *Nisei*, renders his comments in English. Wada volunteered to fly along on the

strike; squadron commander Major Sidney L. Groff, the sortie's leader, agreed to bring him in his aircraft. Groff also would be carrying air strike coordinator Major Mortimer H. Jordan in the PBJ's Plexiglas nose.

After covering the 400 miles between Zamboanga and Davao, the squadron approached the enemy positions along the trail at low altitude. Wada called out instructions. Imai translated his remarks and passed them along to Jordan, who relayed them by radio to a flight of PBJs from Squadron 611 and an escort of F4U Corsairs. Photos from the flight and assault show Wada seated in the radio-gunner's compartment by a weaponless machine-gun port offering a picture-window view of the sky and land below. From his perspective Wada picked out landmarks and targets, giving what participants said later was very accurate direction.

As Wada pinpointed each Japanese position, Marine aircrews let loose with fragmentation bombs, napalm, rockets, and heavy machine-gun fire. "The Japanese officer put us zero on the target and we did the rest," Jordan said. "Maybe [we] overdid it." Wada commented favorably on the PBJ crews' performance, which included dropping several tons of bombs. "The raid destroyed their command capability," Flynn reported later. En route back to Zamboanga, the volunteer navigator seemed to brood, but expressed no regret to Imai. According to Flynn, Wada was pleased with his actions.

Five days after the American raid outside Davao, Japan announced its capitulation. Among the 22,000 Japanese troops who surrendered on Mindanao were the shards of the 100th Division. As an American-born *Kibei*, Wada would have been entitled to return to the United States. However, he apparently adopted a new identity. Then Minoru Wada, one of the few Axis military men ever to navigate for an enemy force attacking the very men he had served beside, vanished.

Since then the story has been told and retold in print and online, nearly always accompanied by those eye-catching photographs of Wada in the PBJ-1, and quoting the enigmatic Flynn. But dig just a little deeper and questions emerge.

The Flynn quotes all trace to the same interview, attributed to *The Star*. But which *Star* was that, and who exactly was Flynn? What was his rank? His unit? The photos, too, stir questions—particularly the images of Wada at the port window, sometimes looking out at a single bomber, sometimes at a sky full of aircraft. The photographs' clarity and depth of field verge on the surreal. "The photo of Wada looking out the window with a handset in his hand is clearly a doctored photo," a Marine Corps historian said in an e-mail. "Looks like some sort of reenactment of the event." Archival documents also cast suspicion; a Marine Corps Reference Service Log dated December 9, 1957, states, "This strike with its attendant features was staged to publicize this theater of operations."

So what really happened on August 10, 1945, outside Davao? Did a bombing raid occur? If so, did Marine Corps public affairs officers then scramble to capitalize on a spectacular opportunity for headlines?

And what ever became of Lieutenant Minoru Wada? ★



Because the Bushido code drove so many Japanese soldiers to die rather than surrender, Wada's role in the August 10, 1945, assault stands starkly apart from the historic record.

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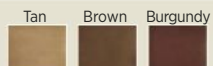
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[BOOKS]

Revisionist History in Need of Revision



Keeping his throne but not his power, Emperor Hirohito meets General Douglas MacArthur on September 27, 1945.

HIROSHIMA NAGASAKI The Real Story of the Atomic Bombings and Their Aftermath

By Paul Ham. 640 pp. St. Martin's, 2014. \$35.

Sometimes revisionist history is a revelation; sometimes it's mere sensationalism. Unfortunately, this book is largely the latter. In essence, it argues that if Allied leaders had abandoned the "populist slogan" of "unconditional surrender" and simply promised to leave the emperor in power, Japan would have surrendered without nuclear devastation. This breathtaking—and demonstrably false—assertion sits atop "scholarship" that collapses like a house of cards.

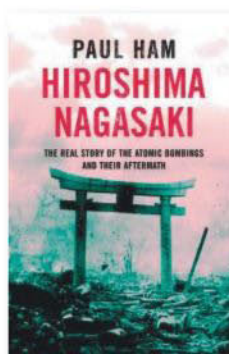
Problems infest *Hiroshima Nagasaki* at every level of its presentation. Start

with fundamentals. Ham declares that "at least 100,000" civilians died in Dresden. His numbers come from David Irving's 50-year-old *The Destruction of Dresden*, whose highly inflated claims historians have long since demolished; the actual toll was closer to 25,000. Ham also asserts that by "early July 1945" the plan to invade Japan had been "set aside, if not yet completely cancel[ed]"—directly contradicting a passage he cites from my book *Downfall*. Even worse, Ham uses this "fact" to portray American leaders as duplicitous for later stating that they sought to avoid

an invasion by dropping atomic bombs. Any Pacific War historian can assemble a devastating list of other examples.

Let's move on to the two most conspicuous errors in Ham's central thesis. "Unconditional surrender" hardly constituted a mere "populist slogan"; by 1945, it represented the indispensable legal foundation for reforming occupied Japan. Without it, the carefully engineered transition of the country from military dictatorship under the emperor's

aegis to democracy would have had to be sharply abridged or abandoned, leading to a very different postwar Japan.



Equally important, Japanese sources demonstrate that, prior to Hiroshima, Japan's leaders not only never agreed to surrender, but never even agreed on the terms necessary to end the war. Their only authentic diplomatic initiative was to order Japan's ambassador in Moscow, Sato Naotake, to seek Soviet mediation for a *negotiated* peace—an effort Sato relentlessly dissected as ineffectual. Sato repeatedly advised Foreign Minister Togo Shigenori that to be credible Japan's initiative must incorporate specific terms for ending the war; Togo could not provide them because the Japanese government never identified them. Finally, when an exasperated Sato wired that the best terms Japan could obtain would be unconditional surrender with the sole reservation of preserving the imperial institution, Togo, in the name of the government, emphatically rejected the proposal.

Not that any of this deters Ham. By a process more like alchemy than historical inquiry, he transforms statements

like Togo's into "proof" that Japan would accept unconditional surrender in exchange for an American promise to retain the emperor. In reality, Japan's leaders adamantly demanded that the old order retain substantive power. The best example comes with Japan's first genuine message proposing to end the war: It declared that Japan would accede to the Allied terms in the July 1945 Potsdam Declaration "with the understanding that the said declaration does not comprise any demand which prejudices the prerogatives of His Majesty as Sovereign Ruler." As both Japanese and American scholars have emphasized, this meant the emperor would have supremacy over the occupation commander and veto power over any occupation reform.

Quite possibly the most repugnant aspect of Ham's work, however, is its moral hierarchy of victimhood. War is hell, and the Pacific War embodied many of World War II's most hellish aspects. But Ham individualizes Japanese suffer-

ing from atomic bombs in moving detail, while there is no remotely comparable treatment for Japan's victims—even though for every Japanese noncombatant dead of all causes, including conventional or atomic bombing, about 18 noncombatants of other nations perished.

The one exception to Ham's asymmetry of suffering is his silence on the huge death toll of Japanese in Soviet captivity—at least 62,000 helpless POWs and 180,000 civilians, totals which may equal or exceed the tolls from the atomic bombs. Why don't these figures appear in *Hiroshima Nagasaki*? Perhaps because, like the many complexities and moral challenges at the close of the Pacific War that Ham ignores or distorts, they don't support a narrative strong on emotion and weak on fact.

Serious revisionist history challenges accepted ideas to advance our understanding by pointing to new data or reconsidering flawed interpretations. Ham does neither credibly.

—Richard Frank

[COFFEE TABLE BOOKS]

HITLER'S WAR

World War II as Portrayed by *Signal*, the International Nazi Propaganda Magazine

By Jeremy Harwood.

224 pp. Zenith, 2014. \$25.



The biweekly Wehrmacht magazine was sleek and glossy and full of arresting photos and illustrations; it focused on the troops but also covered economics, science, and the arts. Never distributed in Germany itself, *Signal* was aimed at neutral, occupied, and Allied countries. It reached 2.5 million readers by 1943, when its—and its masters'—successes peaked. Paging through this well-wrought collection can be slightly

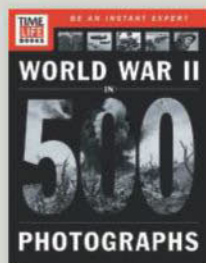


surreal, like looking into an alternative past, but also fascinating.

WORLD WAR II IN 500 PHOTOGRAPHS

By Time/Life Books. 272 pp.

Time Home Entertainment, 2014. \$17.95.



Not so very long ago, this sort of book was a Time/Life preserve, which competitors entered gingerly. The publisher's newest shot at

World War II does the job well enough,

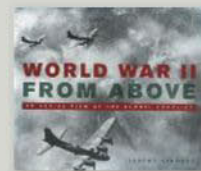
Hitler's War examines *Signal* magazine's propagandist content.

but faces stiff competition from excellent earlier efforts, such as DK Publishing's *World War II: The Definitive Visual History* (2009).

WORLD WAR II FROM ABOVE An Ariel View of the Global Conflict

By Jeremy Harwood.

208 pp. Zenith, 2014. \$30.



Not exactly what you might expect, this lavishly illustrated text focuses on the vital role of aerial reconnaissance, offering photos never seen before and graphic maps of flight plans, with eye-opening and intriguing results.

—Gene Santoro

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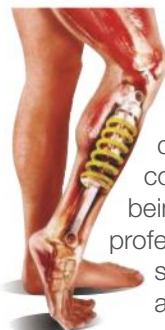
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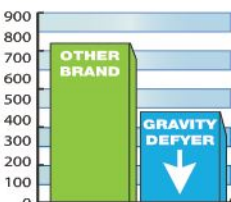
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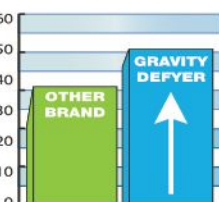
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[DVD]

4-4-43

Lieutenant Colonel William Dyess and the Greatest Story of the War in the Pacific

Directed by John D. Lukacs and Tim Gray.
60 minutes. DVD, 2014. \$20.



William Dyess brought valuable intel home from Davao.

On the date that serves as this film's title, 10 American POWs and two Filipino convicts broke out of Davao, a beastly prison plantation the Japanese considered escape-proof. In the only successful, large-scale American POW escape of World War II, they brought back eyewitness accounts of Japanese atrocities, including the Bataan Death March. Dyess then fought against wartime censorship to share his information with the American public. Based on *Escape from Davao*, John D. Lukacs's gripping book, this revealing, often wrenching documentary, which Lukacs wrote and produced, features interviews with veterans, period and new footage, and in-depth research; it was shown at the 2014 GI Film Festival.

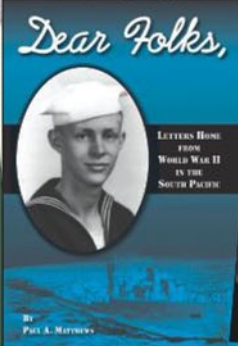
—Gene Santoro







Wings from Burma to the Himalayas by John W. Gordon. Indelibly burned into the memories of the fliers of the largely forgotten China-Burma-India theater are the experiences of flying the uncharted skies of the Hump in C-47s. Hard bound **\$22.95.**



Dear Folks, by Paul A. Matthews. Matthews, the authoritative figure in the world of black powder loading and shooting, shares his combat experiences in the South Pacific during WW II from his enlistment to VJ Day. Soft bound **\$22.50.**



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WORLD WAR II

COURTESY OF JOHN D. LUKACS

[BOARD GAME]

RED DEVILS

By Lost Battalion Games.

Ages 12 and up, 2013. \$89.95.

Before the rise of the computer game in the 1980s, an armchair general looking to strut his stuff found his theater in board games. Military board games haven't entirely vanished since then. In fact, they still appear in a wide variety, attracting a small but dedicated group of followers. These games provide the opportunity many students of military history seek: a chance to see if they could have done it better.

To those familiar with computer games and their high-definition graphics, board games might seem a little too retro. And for those imagining old-school games like *Risk*, reeducation is necessary. Today's war board games offer great diversity, a high level of realism, and the attention to detail war buffs appreciate. Unlike computer and video games whose "first-person shooter" formats allow a player to control only one soldier, board games are flexible, permitting players to manipulate anything from a single T-34 to the entire Red Army. The thrill of playing an opponent sitting across the table instead of a digital foe is part of the excitement—and part of what keeps the board game community so devoted.

The latest release from established board game manufacturer Lost Battalion Games in its Sergeants Miniatures Game series is *Red Devils*, based on the actions of British Airborne troops on the Day of Days, just after landing in Normandy on June 6, 1944. Players command up to a squad of individual soldiers, British or German, against an opponent doing the same. The goal is to successfully complete one of 12 missions included in the rulebook—tasking four British soldiers to destroy a German



Each handpainted soldier has a name and personality traits.

observation point, for example. The game's action is based on cards that add skills and weapons to individual soldiers and generate random events. The game ends when one side accomplishes the scenario's objective—or when the opponent's soldiers are all casualties.

Each scenario, ordered for the British side, delineates an objective, defines the board configuration, and gives special instructions for weapons and capabilities. Players commanding German troops simply have to stop the British. The situations are historically accurate without being historically specific, and realistically recreate the type of small unit engagement typical of the era's airborne operations. With experience, players can create their

own scenarios based on actual World War II skirmishes or actions they dream up. Since so many possible variations exist, the play is never the same twice.

The players—a group of four to six works best—maneuver soldiers over the stylish game board, a highly detailed

terrain rendering featuring fields, woods, and buildings that can be reconfigured. The board is not simplified like *Risk*'s, but comprises 18 interchangeable tiles of landscape and landmarks and is scaled to match the size of the figures: 10 miniature soldiers intricately designed and about half-an-inch tall. Made of pewter and painted accurately, they are one of the game's most appealing features.

Red Devils nicely meets the war games' compromise between playability and realism, replicating the stressful quick decisions a squad makes in combat without too much complexity. Like war itself, though, the rules are complicated. You cannot just open the box and quickly start playing. Players must thoroughly read the rulebook and practice game mechanics first. But once one learns the rules, game play is fluid and action-packed. And, when you and your friends master *Red Devils*, you can get expansion packs, coming throughout 2014, that offer more fighting options, allowing players to battle in Normandy with the British and U.S. Airborne or as Germans. Eventually, Eastern Front and North Africa packs will be available.

—Chris Ketcherside



World War II Rating



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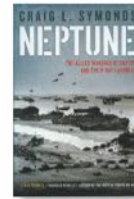
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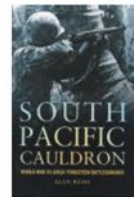


NEPTUNE

The Allied Invasion of Europe and the D-Day Landings

By Craig L. Symonds. 440 pp.
Oxford, 2014. \$29.95.

The troops who landed at Normandy didn't just swim ashore. Symonds unsnarls years-long tangles of planning, sailing through a narrative that reaches from Churchill and Eisenhower to junior officers trying to land soldiers on fire-seared beaches.

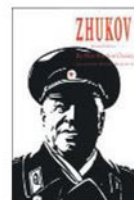


SOUTH PACIFIC CAULDRON

World War II's Great Forgotten Battlegrounds

By Alan Rems. 312 pp. Naval
Institute, 2014. \$38.95.

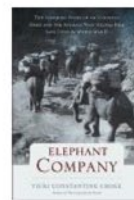
Drawing on American, Australian, and Japanese sources and embracing land, sea, and air operations, it's a thorough overview of this vital yet underexamined region.



ZHUKOV

Revised Edition, Paperback
By Otto Preston Chaney. 592
pp. Oklahoma, 2014. \$24.95.

A top biography of the Soviet military giant who helped bring the Red Army out of semi-ruin to beat the Japanese, then the Germans. Portraying Georgy Zhukov's strengths and flaws, ever-aware of Stalin's grip, Chaney updated this book after the Soviet archives opened in the 1990s.



ELEPHANT COMPANY

The Inspiring Story of an Unlikely Hero and the Animals Who Helped Him Save Lives in World War II

By Vicki Constantine
Croke. 368 pp.

Random House, 2014. \$28.

J. H. "Billy" Williams was a quiet man with Buddhist leanings who talked to elephants. They helped him build bridges, evacuate refugees, and carry supplies—essential labors in Burma, where the few vehicle-ready roads and railways were being fought and died for.

—Gene Santoro

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[BOOKS]

EVANS CARLSON, MARINE RAIDER The Man Who Commanded America's First Special Forces

By Duane Schultz. 256 pp. Westholme, 2014. \$26.

General Jimmy Doolittle said his toughest leadership challenges were deciding which mavericks to protect, and which to let alone. As this readable biography shows, Brigadier General Evans Carlson, creator and leader of the famed 2nd Marine Raider Battalion, tested his Marine superiors in just that way.

Carlson joined the army in World War I, earning a commission despite lying about his age and not being a college man. After a turn as a civilian, he enlisted in the Marine Corps. Service in China and Nicaragua schooled him in the ideological and psychological underpinnings of irregular or guerrilla warfare. As one of FDR's Marine guards, he impressed the president; when Carlson returned to China in 1937, Roosevelt invited him to send back-channel reports.

In China, Carlson freely borrowed concepts from the Communist Chinese Eighth Route Army, especially egalitarianism among the ranks and "ethical indoctrination" of a sense of duty to mission and comrades. Impressed by Communist successes against the Japanese, he adopted the Chinese slogan "Gung Ho" (Work Together) as his own. He also gained a lasting reputation as a Communist sympathizer.

After another civilian interlude, Carlson rejoined the Marines in 1941. With White House blessings and FDR's son James as his executive officer, he took command of the 2nd Marine Raider Battalion, one of two such outfits. Carlson's methods ruffled feathers: the Marines balked at his tinkering with

standard operating procedure and disputed the need for a special raiding or "commando" unit.

Schultz spends more than half of his book on the Raiders in combat—the Makin Atoll raid and the Guadalcanal campaign. The August 1942 Makin action had scant military use but loomed large in an America desperate for victory. Carlson, wrongly fearing himself outnumbered, decided to surrender part of his command—a bad call

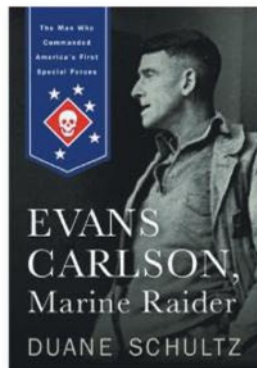
fate helped reverse when a bullet claimed the Japanese soldier carrying his surrender letter. The Raiders withdrew from Makin in confusion, leaving men behind. Still, the raid made heroes of the Raiders.

On Guadalcanal, in a semi-independent patrol, the Raiders grabbed more headlines, irking less heavily chronicled Marines and their commanders.

The Raider aura was short-lived. Expanded to a regiment with Carlson as executive officer, the battalion lost its original character. In later operations, Carlson was only an observer. He died in 1947, branded a Red, health broken, old allies staying at arm's length.

Schultz leans more heavily on previous biographies than original research, and skimps on context. He barely addresses the significance of units like the Raiders in a global war, and largely skirts the enmity between Carlson and fellow Raider chief Colonel Mike Edson. Events often unfold only through Carlson's eyes; Schultz scorns Station HYPO, the Navy signals intelligence unit in Hawaii, as "desk-bound," but at critical moments HYPO got more right than wrong. He casts every Raider setback as a dig at Carlson. But he does frame a lively portrait of a key founder of what became today's special operations forces.

—Richard R. Muller



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Talk Show Doctor Reveals Digestion Remedy That Works Instantly!

Television host and best selling author explains how a new aloe-vera extract can make bouts of heartburn, acid-reflux, constipation, gas, bloating, diarrhea, and other stomach nightmares disappear!

Recently, alternative medicine expert Bryce Wylde, a frequent guest on the Dr. Oz show, revealed a simple secret that amazed millions who suffer with digestion nightmares. People haven't stopped talking about it since.

"I'd give anything to make it stop!"

That's what most people will say about their digestive problems. "It's just horrible says Ralph Burns, a former digestion victim. I was tortured for years by my Acid-Reflux. Sometimes I'd almost pass out from the pain. My wife suffers with digestion problems too. If she eats one wrong thing, she spends hours stuck in the bathroom dealing with severe bouts of constipation or diarrhea."

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A recent FDA warning explained that excessive use of antacids could lead to an increased risk of hip, wrist, and spine fractures. Especially in people over the age of 50.

So when alternative medicine expert Dr. Bryce Wylde discussed an alternative on National TV, you can imagine how thrilled people were to find out they could finally get relief without having to rely on *Prevacid*, *Nexium*, *Prilosec* and other dangerous antacids. But now, according to Dr. Wylde, your stomach problems could be over by simply drinking a small amount of a tasty Aloe Vera extract.

Finally There's Hope...

This delicious "digestion cocktail" is doing amazing things for people who suffer with stomach problems --- even if they've had them for years. Here's how it works...

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pain of Acid-Reflux, heartburn, ulcers and more misery. Add the problems of stress, and "all hell breaks loose."

Dr. Liza Leal, a well known expert on chronic pain management explains... "*AloeCure*" can work genuine miracles. It buffers high acid levels with amazing speed, so your stomach feels completely at ease just moments after drinking it." In fact, it could wipe out stomach pain, discomfort, and frantic runs to the bathroom.

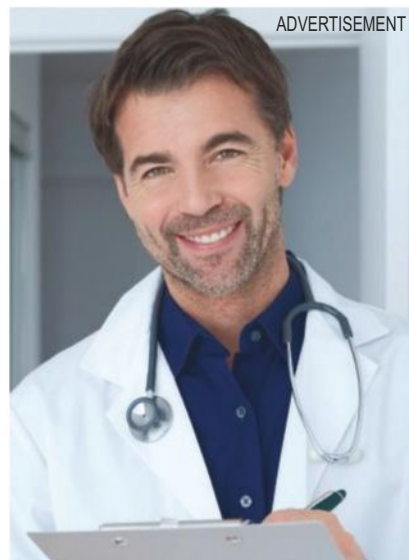


"I'm always in 'indigestion hell'. Doctors put me on all sorts of antacid remedies. Nothing worked. One day a friend said, "Why don't you try *AloeCure*®. I was shocked! It tasted pretty good! I stopped taking the PPIs altogether and replaced it with a daily diet of *AloeCure*®. Then something remarkable happened - NOTHING! Not even the slightest hint of indigestion. For the first time in 40 years I didn't need pills or tablets to avoid indigestion. Thank you *AloeCure*®!" - Ralph Burns

Until Now, Little Could Be Done...

But "*AloeCure*" can help virtually anyone. Even people with chronic stomach pain can feel better right away," says Dr. Leal. And what's really exciting is *AloeCure*® aids in keeping your digestive tract healthy, so intestinal distress stops coming back.

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Here's What Doctors Are Saying!

AloeCure® is backed by important scientific studies that confirm... aloe calms stomach acid and allows your body to heal itself.

Dr. Liza Leal, M.D & Chief Medical Officer at Meridian Medical. says, "That's why I recommend it to patients who suffer from bouts of heartburn, Acid-Reflux, ulcers, and irritable bowel syndrome..."

Dr. Santiago Rodriguez agrees. "Just two ounces of *AloeCure*® reduces the acids in your stomach by ten times."

AloeCure® may be the most important application ever discovered for digestive health!

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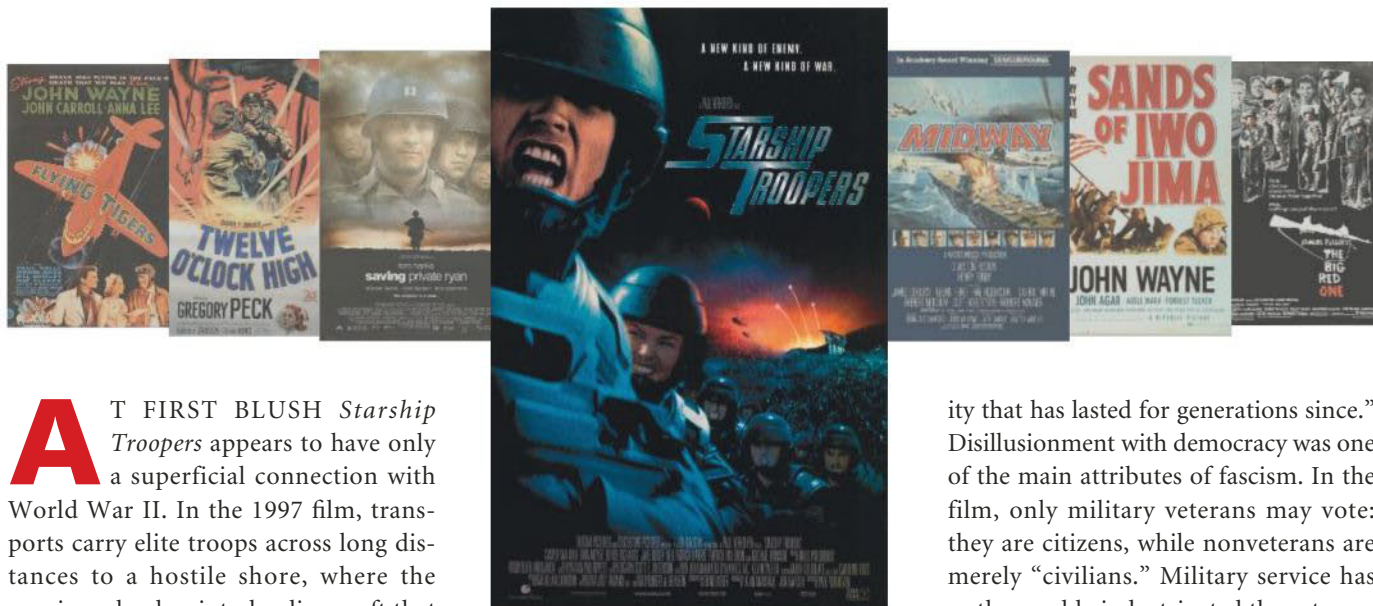
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The Fascist Gleam of *Starship Troopers*

By Mark Grimsley



AT FIRST BLUSH *Starship Troopers* appears to have only a superficial connection with World War II. In the 1997 film, transports carry elite troops across long distances to a hostile shore, where the warriors clamber into landing craft that carry them into battle against an enemy who neither gives quarter nor surrenders. That sounds like the U.S. Marine invasions of Tarawa and Iwo Jima. But *Starship Troopers* is set in the late 23rd century. The hostile shore is an enemy planet. And the enemy are gigantic bugs.

However, *Starship Troopers* contains many elements that smack strongly of fascism, the dominant Axis ideology. The very first scene shows hundreds of Mobile Infantry—the starship troopers—at attention in a stance identical to SS troopers at the Nuremberg rallies. Their uniforms closely resemble those of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Much of the rhetoric sounds fascist, as when Sky Marshal Dienes (Bruce Gray) stands at a lectern in a scene that looks very much like Hitler addressing the Reichstag, and declares war on the Arachnids (the bugs) to an enthusiastic crowd: “We must... ensure that human civilization, not insect, dominates this galaxy *now and always*!”

Starship Troopers appears redolent of fascism because director Paul Verhoeven and screenwriter Edward Neumeier consciously set out to make a film about fascism. The idea originated with Neumeier, who had cowritten Verhoeven’s earlier

Set in a distant future, *Starship Troopers* deliberately references the past.

RoboCop (1987). Told by “liberal friends” that *RoboCop* was “fascist,” Neumeier reflected that action films are inherently fascist, so why not create one that made the connection explicit? The concept appealed to Verhoeven, perhaps because he had spent his early childhood in Nazi-occupied Holland. And *Starship Troopers* would be a good vehicle for such an effort, based as it was upon a 1959 Robert Heinlein novel that was widely regarded as crypto-fascist.

The first shot in *Starship Troopers* is a visual quote from *Triumph of the Will*, German filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl’s 1935 Nazi propaganda masterpiece. A subsequent sequence introducing the main characters—Johnny Rico (Casper Van Dien), Carmen Ibañez (Denise Richards), and Dizzy Flores (Dina Meyer)—on their last day of high school also introduces the basic philosophy of their world. “This year in history, we talked about the failure of democracy,” teacher Jean Rasczak (Michael Ironside) says. “We talked about the veterans, how they took control and imposed the stabil-

ity that has lasted for generations since.” Disillusionment with democracy was one of the main attributes of fascism. In the film, only military veterans may vote: they are citizens, while nonveterans are merely “civilians.” Military service has so thoroughly indoctrinated the veterans that, for all practical purposes, the world government is a one-party police state.

The high school chums soon enlist, and when war breaks out with the Arachnids, they are in the thick of the fight. Rasczak, who has reentered active duty, serves as the platoon leader of Mobile Infantrymen Rico and Flores, while overhead Ibañez pilots a starship. Rico, Flores, and Ibañez are gorgeous—the 23rd century equivalent of the ideal Aryan youth—and they enthusiastically embrace a worldview that accepts, indeed celebrates, life as violent struggle: another core fascist principle. Moreover, the protagonists willingly subordinate their individual identities to the State, a key fascist tenet. As Italian dictator Benito Mussolini said, “There is no concept of the State which is not fundamentally a concept of life.”

The film also makes clear that the State controls the media. Frequent clips from the “Federal Network” supply exposition for the story, and illustrate how the society works. For example, in a triumph of order over the discredited liberal “coddling” of criminals, a man is accused of murder in the morning, convicted that afternoon, and executed—live on television—that evening. One could multiply the parallels

between fascism and *Starship Troopers* almost indefinitely.

Verhoeven and Neumeier deliberately crafted *Starship Troopers* to make its worldview seem appealing. "I wanted to do something more than just a movie about giant bugs," Verhoeven said in an interview. "I tried to seduce the audience to join [*Starship Troopers*'] society, but then ask, 'What are you really joining up for?'" Some critics who got the satirical point nevertheless worried that a younger audience would not—that naïve viewers would embrace this fascist world, much as those of similar age did in the 1930s. Indeed, the film's success in depicting the allure of fascism is what makes it an aid to understanding World War II, for we have long been so appalled by fascism that it is difficult to see the mass appeal the ideology once enjoyed.

Some critics, indeed, mistook *Starship Troopers* as a celebration of fascism.



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In the DVD commentary, Verhoeven and Neumeier seem a bit surprised that anyone could believe such a thing.

But the filmmakers reserve their main scorn for *Time* magazine film critic Richard Schickel, who concluded his review of *Starship Troopers* with the words: "We're looking at a happily fascist world. Maybe that's the movie's final, deadpan joke. Maybe it's saying that war inevitably makes fascists of us all. Or—best guess—maybe the filmmakers are so lost in their slambang visual effects that they don't give a hoot about the movie's scariest implications."

This draws a derisive chuckle from the movie men because, of course, fascism is exactly the film's subject. Moreover, they add, Schickel got its thesis exactly right: "War makes fascists of us all." Thus, *Starship Troopers* does not just satirize fascism. It also warns about its continued appeal in times of strife. ★



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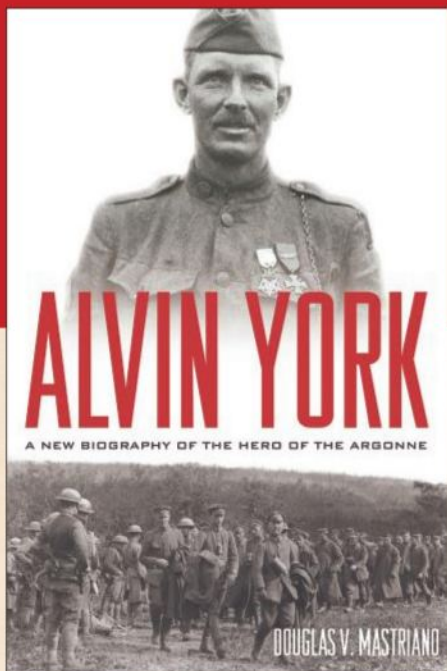
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ANSWERS to the May/June Challenge



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A concrete caisson being towed toward the Normandy shore to become part of a Mulberry harbor



Hollywood Howlers

The aircraft in the foreground is not Japanese; it's an American observation plane

Name That Patch

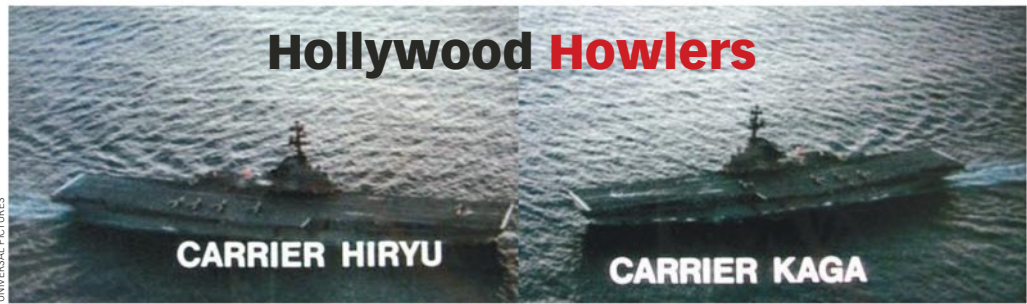
The 45th Infantry Division patch after its prewar swastika symbol was abandoned



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Ray Cresswell

We had a record 141 submissions for the May/June Challenge; 110 were correct.



The producers of the epic 1976 battle film *Midway* could not get original ships to

portray Japanese aircraft carriers. How did the filmmakers solve the problem?

What the...?!?

What was this device used for?



Please send your answers

to *all three* questions, and your mailing address, to:

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Three winners, chosen at random from all correct entries submitted by October 15, will receive a copy of *Hitler's War* by Jeremy Harwood. Answers will appear in the January/February 2015 issue.



Name That Patch

Which unit used this symbol?

Serious Business

Fresh-faced **Beverly Tyler** was only 16 in 1943 when she appeared in her first film. Her biggest success came just after the war, with a starring role in 1946's *The Green Years*. "Whatever it is that sets the actress apart from the would-be, the professional from the professed, Miss Tyler has it," the *Los Angeles Times* raved. To lend the actress a more serious image, her studio set a policy that must have been a blow to wartime fans. As reported in a Hollywood gossip column, "There's a leg-art and cheesecake ban at MGM for Beverly Tyler."



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